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NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III. [NEW SERIES] NO. 1 JULY 1949

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Douglas Jerrold

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CASTLE HOWARD
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THE GRAND GOODNIGHT
"B.B."

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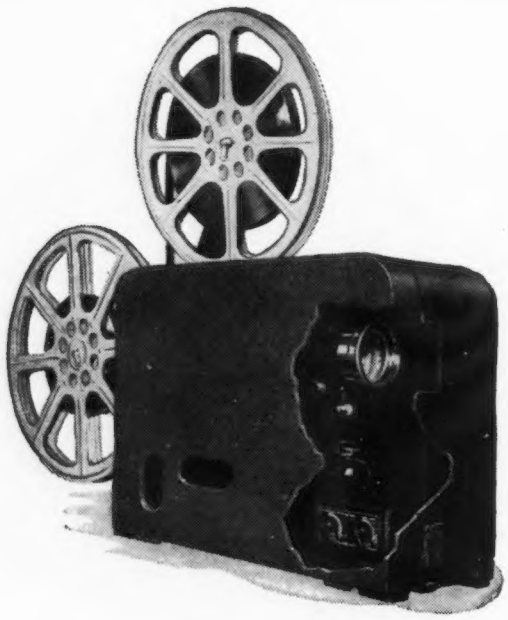
David Douglas, J. F. C. Fuller, Sydney J. Maiden, Malcolm Muggeridge, Hubert Griffith, Kenneth Hare, etc., etc.



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THE VOLUME III. No. 1.

NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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THE
NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY THE NEW ENGLISH REVIEW LTD.
15, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.2
LONDON

JULY COMMENTARY

IN the first article in this number of *The New English Review*, Lord Woolton discusses the political scene as it appears to ourselves at home. Writing these lines, as I do, outside the boundaries of the British Commonwealth, it is perhaps worth while to discuss for a moment our political scene as it appears to others.

Up to 1931 Britain, without necessarily being liked or greatly respected, was universally regarded abroad as one of the Great Powers. Americans and continental Europeans alike were interested to know what the British were thinking, planning, and hoping because, as a Great Power, they were regarded as being master of their own fate and capable of translating their wishes into acts. The collapse of the £ in 1931, the repudiation of the American debt agreement, and the impotence of our foreign policy in face of a resurgent and aggressive Germany changed all that. By 1945, however, by one of those eleventh hour efforts which are the despair of our enemies, we had regained our standing in the eyes of the world. To-day, no British traveller abroad is left with any doubt that once again we are regarded as having lost the status of a Great Power.

Let it be said at once that this is not directly due, still less is it regarded as due, to the political complexion of our Government. It is our economic position which is viewed with universal alarm, and our efforts to remedy it which are regarded as quite inadequate. Nor, rightly or wrongly, is much sympathy extended to us on the ground on which the British people are perhaps too inclined to expect it, on the ground, that is, that our economic plight is due to our immense, and unique, contribution to the defeat of Hitler's Germany. The memory of that service, as far as it persists, is to-day wholly overshadowed by the very present realization that with our economy in its present state we are in a position to make only a small contribution to the defeat of Russian imperialism.

EVEN austerity seems to have left a very mixed impression. There is, on the one hand, very real sympathy for the individual citizens, but on the other, very little belief that austerity is making any real contribution to recovery. All that is noted is that England is to-day the country where you get least for the most money. In saying this, we are deliberately quoting uninformed opinion. The views of bankers and economists are more sympathetic; criticism from experts tends to centre round the attempt to maintain the present valuation of the £ sterling. On this point, moreover, there is also some support for the British Government's point of view, if only as a short-term policy.

REGARDLESS of party politics, we should be wise, as a nation, to have more regard to American and Continental public opinion, for it is that opinion which is reflected at the polls and which is therefore a dominant influence on the foreign policy of the other democratic governments. When we were the strongest power in Western Europe we could perhaps afford to be uninterested in what others thought of us. In proportion as we recover our economic independence, we shall be able to become insular again, but to-day we cannot afford to be so. This does not mean that we must subordinate our policy to that of our neighbours and allies, but that we must have a policy of our own which is not only viable but which can be shown to the world to be so. Austerity, even if the N.U.R. and the transport workers were prepared to continue to accept it, is manifestly not enough. It is this which, to all foreign observers, is the first obvious fact in the world situation.

"AND so what?", ask our allies on both sides of the Atlantic. "What are you really going to do?" is the persistent question, and no suggestion of a possible change of government after the next election is regarded as a sufficient answer. North American opinion certainly considers that a further dose of socialism would increase our difficulties, but that is natural because there are few socialists in North America and virtually none in the United States. Our dilemma, as it seems to present itself to the outside world, can be simply stated. We cannot reduce our standard of living without a political crisis which would destroy our power to act in world affairs. Can we maintain it without fatally impairing our economy and so, in another way, destroying our power of action? One of the gravest defects in our public relations policy to-day is not that we are in fact unaware of the reality of the problem thus posed, but that we appear to the outside world to be unaware of it. Sir Stafford Cripps's repeated assertions, for instance, that we shall not de-value the £ sterling would be much better accepted if, at the same time, he put forward any alternative remedy which at least looked like enabling us not merely to keep up our export trade but to increase it.

IT would be ridiculous to suppose that Sir Stafford Cripps is himself unaware of this. It is precisely his awareness of the situation and its very immediate dangers which makes an autumn election increasingly probable. What still remains hopelessly obscure, and quite as obscure to his fellow-countrymen as to foreigners, is the solution which he and his present colleagues envisage. The only long-term answer which commends itself to the economists demands a stern halt to nationalization and the robber economy of the left-wing Socialists, because it is to be found in foreign investment in this country and in the colonial empire and the dependencies. The nationalization of public utilities, however undesirable, is just compatible with that. The nationalization of productive industry, banking and insurance, is wholly incompatible with any really effective policy for the restoration of a self-sufficient economy for Great Britain.

ARE we not forced to the conclusion that, little though the country seems to be aware of it, it is the return of the Socialist party for a further five years of power, not the return of the Conservatives, which would spell, inevitably and in the very short run, a great reduction in real wages and further austerities? As Lord Woolton points out, there is no virtue in the Socialist claim that they, and they alone, can secure progressively increased production and consequently a steady fall in the price of our exports as the sole price of nationalization. They still make this claim. It is on that claim that the election is, it appears, to be fought. But how many people watching the nationalized railways or the nationalized coal industry at work, or not at work, as the case may be, can honestly accept the Socialist's claim on this point? The

answer is that only a comparatively small minority of the electorate could, other things being equal, be expected to do so. Hence the renewal of the slander campaign against the Tory party as the party of reaction, opposed root and branch to the whole structure of the social services, determined only on a reduction of taxation, higher profits and lower wages.

THE local government elections provide sufficient evidence to prove that the "guilty men" propaganda, which won the last general election for the Socialists, has spent its force. The personal standing of the Conservative party in the constituencies is high and if personal considerations alone were to determine the next election, the Socialists would be narrowly but clearly defeated. But, for the reasons analyzed at some length in the April number of this *Review*, the results of local government elections provide no certainly reliable guide to the forthcoming general election. If the electorate goes to the poll in the belief that it has to choose between two alternative governments, one of which has planned and put into force the vast and complex structure of social services and the other of which has consistently opposed those services and is determined to curtail them, then the Socialist party will get another lease of office.

TO those whose active study of politics goes back a quarter of a century or more it may seem incredible that the party which laid the foundation of the modern system of social insurance, which inaugurated widows' pensions, the contributory old age pension and family allowances, abolished the poor law, initiated the Beveridge Report, passed the Butler Education Act giving free secondary education, and prepared the first draft plans for a National Health Service, should be in danger of being defeated as the party irresistibly opposed to all these measures. Nevertheless, we should be warned by realizing that Mr. Aneurin Bevan felt it safe to say that if the Socialists were defeated at the next election, social reform would come to a dead stop. He clearly believes that there are a sufficient number of the electorate too young to know any better, and a sufficient proportion of the older electorate too indifferent to remember which Government did what twenty or thirty years ago. He therefore feels it safe to say what, to any serious student of politics is plain nonsense. He has spotted the gravest electoral weakness of the Conservative party, that it has never yet succeeded in convincing the electorate that the vast projects of social reform which it has passed into law represented a considered and reasoned policy. The electorate have always felt that they were passed grudgingly and without enthusiasm. Unless this wholly false impression can be removed, Mr. Bevan's audacious mis-statement may prove to have been a very effective piece of electioneering.

THE unrest on the railways and at the docks and the continued failure to achieve any real increase of output from the coal mines, reflects almost certainly the political failure of nationalization as a policy rather than any predominantly economic grievance felt by the workers in these industries. No doubt, like the rest of us, they would like to see their wages increased but it is not disputed that their wages have at the least kept pace with the increase in the cost of living. It is becoming evident that nationalization was looked upon by the workers either as a synonym for syndicalization or as a piece of political machinery to enable wages to be subsidized by the taxpayer. Indeed, it is difficult to see why, otherwise, nationalization should have commended itself, as it undoubtedly did, to an overwhelming majority of the miners and the railwaymen. Once confiscation was ruled out, and no responsible labour spokesmen ever advocated it, it was obvious that nationalization, *per se*, could provide no economies which would enable higher wages to be paid except at the cost of the consumer. The chickens have now come home to roost, and it will be interesting

to see how the advocates of nationalization deal with them.

It would be foolish not to realize that here, more likely than elsewhere, communism may drive its entering wedge and become a real political danger. The claim is not openly made, but we have in the mines and on the railways two large, highly organized, politically conscious bodies of skilled workers who are asking, in effect, for a special status related not to their specific contribution to the general well-being of the workers but to their own political power. They are asking, in other words, for political, not for economic wages. Their case is not, as it was in 1920 and in 1926, that the industry can pay more, or, alternatively, that idle and inefficient capitalists were mismanaging an industry which ought to be able to pay more. They are asking for more, because they would like to have more and they think they can get it by political action. As the claim is in essence political, so must the answer be. The usual compromise solutions, if they are attempted, will only postpone, they cannot remove, the constitutional threat.

YOU can either have a social system in which all men, by and large, get a reward related to the economic value to their fellows of the services they perform or a social system in which the rewards are distributed to each in proportion to the political power of the class to which he belongs. The first system requires a relatively free economy as a condition of its effective working, the second requires the political dictatorship of the most powerful classes. It is, of course, true that neither social system can ever operate satisfactorily without modification. The free economy, left absolutely to itself, will produce results which shock the civilized conscience, since large minorities of the unskilled, the sick and the unfortunate will, if they get only the bare equivalent of the economic value of their services, get hardly anything. No society known to history has ever, in fact, been so brutal as to enforce such a system without restriction, but avoidable poverty characterized the free economy in the last century all over the world. What we may call, in contradistinction, the power economy logically ends in the enslavement of the masses in the service of the privileged class, but it must be noted that slavery was itself a primitive measure of social adjustment, for it placed on the slave-owners the necessity of maintaining the slaves in perpetuity and irrespective of their economic value to their owners at any particular time.

IT is precisely the fact that the twentieth century conscience and contemporary political conditions will tolerate neither a system in which the weakest go to the wall nor one in which the community as a whole is enslaved to a dominant minority of whatever class which makes it so difficult, and at the same time so necessary, to determine where the boundary lies which divides the sufficiently free economy from the power economy. It is, however, fair and necessary to say that if the trade unions, on whose labour the supply of power and transport depends, were by political action to make effective their demand for a political wage needing to be subsidized by the general body of the taxpayers, the boundary between the free and the power economy would have been crossed. The other unions would soon see their own standard of living gravely threatened and a struggle for the totality of power between organized labour and the rest of the community would inevitably develop. There are only two yardsticks for measuring the justice of the claims of miners, railwaymen or dockers, and those are what the traffic will bear and what the export market will stand. Social justice will make other demands, but these demands are the same for all classes of the community and must be met, as they are to-day, by national not by sectional arrangements. Comparison of wage rates prevailing to-day with those in 1914, in 1920 or in 1938, are, of course, absolutely meaningless. The nominal rate for

the job is to-day increased by the value of a free health service, free primary and secondary education, widows' pensions, old age pensions and family allowances. Any attempt to devise a wage structure which ignores these factors must lead to widespread inflation and thus end in destroying the economic value of the social services to the whole community in the interests of a privileged few.

It would be interesting, incidentally, in view of the certainty of further demands from organized labour, if the Central Statistical Office would provide for the leading industries a comparison of basic rates *plus* the net actuarial weekly value of those social services prevailing at the respective dates, for 1914, 1929, 1938, 1945 and 1949, with the corresponding cost of living figures.

THE Paris four-power conference on Germany has, as usual, failed, and the partition of Germany must now be regarded as an established fact. It would be wrong to regard this as necessarily a political disaster. It is the economic barrier between the granary of Europe in the South-East and the industrialized North-East which is the real disaster, and which must continue to depress the Continental standard of living, and therefore our own, for as long as it continues. The effects of this sabotage of the European economy are at present concealed by American aid, but this cannot continue indefinitely. The position is made worse by a draft of population from the eastern to the western zone of Germany. This situation makes it urgent, first to pacify the British and Dutch dependencies and protectorates in the Far East, and secondly to develop the resources of the African continent, in which all the Western European nations have wide interests.

THERE are signs that the Government are at last coming alive to the overriding importance of restoring and then maintaining British prestige, which means British power, in the Far East. Any weakness over Hong Kong would have repercussions very far afield. It is less clear that the United States are yet at all tolerant of the British, Dutch and French claims to continue to occupy and rule the Far Eastern territories over which by international law they have full rights. It might have been hoped that the results of our hasty and quite unwarranted departure from Burma would have shown all the world that the interests of the inhabitants of half-developed eastern countries are not necessarily well served by the abolition of European suzerainty, but there is no evidence of any great change in American opinion so far. The case against imperialism of the old-fashioned kind, against the "exploitation", that is, of peoples and territories was a good one. It is, however, flying in the face of history to deny that the "development" of the people in association with another is either unjust or unnecessary. On the contrary, it has been, throughout history, the one invariable method of social, intellectual, moral and material progress. American public opinion seems invariably to confuse colonial development with the wilful destruction of one culture by another. Since the whole possibility of building a viable economy for Western Europe now clearly depends on intensive colonial development by the Western Powers, this misunderstanding needs to be cleared up.

IT may perhaps be suggested that the deplorable record of the American continent in the matter of its own indigenous inhabitants has prejudiced American liberals and confused their minds. No one would wish to defend a political process leading to the destruction of whole civilizations as happened in South America, or to the complete expropriation of the indigenous inhabitants as happened in North America at the hands of the first French, British and Spanish settlers. Nor have the people of the United States been consistently fortunate in their treatment of the African races now living within their borders. The record of the Western European peoples in Asia and Africa is, however, wholly different

alike in method and in achievement. It is strange how few people in North America realize that British and Dutch have been settled in the Far East almost as long, and with precisely the same right, as British and French have been settled on the eastern seaboard of North America and, of course, two centuries before the United States extended its jurisdiction to the Pacific coast.

THE wealth the peoples of India, Pakistan and Malaya, to say nothing of Dutch Indonesia and of the French Far Eastern possessions, has been built up, and has accrued to the benefit of the descendants of the indigenous population, as the result of the activities and the investments of generations of European colonizers. The education and culture on which the present claims of these peoples to independence or self-government rest is Western European. Over vast areas the only common language of the different non-European inhabitants is English or French. The creation of these vast, highly civilized, skilled and flourishing communities is perhaps the most astonishing historical achievement of western civilization, and the progressive grant of varying degrees of self-government, culminating in the independence of India and Pakistan, reflects the essentially civilized spirit of European colonial policy. Had Asia been abandoned by its European settlers even as recently as a hundred years ago, its astonishing progress would have been arrested, the whole world would have been immensely impoverished, and the standard of living of the working classes in Europe, Asia and the Americas far lower than it is to-day. It will not be a step forward but a disastrous step backwards if those areas of Asia and Africa not yet ripe for complete self-government are allowed to fall into anarchy in the absurd belief that such a policy is, in some mysterious way, progressive.

THE record of the present Government in the Far East gives no grounds for confidence that they will withstand the pressure likely to be put upon them, not only by uninstructed American opinion but also by the friends of Moscow in this country, in favour of a general policy of "scuttle". There are ominous rumours of reckless experiments contemplated in Africa and there has been a continuous weakness in defence of British and other vital European interests in the Far East. Nearer home, Mr. Ernest Bevin's European policy has been more forcible and far sounder, if not much more successful, but the foundation of a successful foreign policy is to-day lacking. A bankrupt power cannot exert an effective influence however wise its aims may be. For bankruptcy the cure must and can only be wise finance, increased production, and the intensive development, or re-development, with the help of foreign investments, of our resources overseas. The same remedies are needed to preserve our standard of living at home and to secure to future generations the fruits of our past and present sacrifices. As Lord Woolton points out, it is the duty of the Conservative party in the next few months to convince the electorate that it can perform these vital tasks at home and abroad with far greater skill, force and conviction than the present government.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE POLITICAL SCENE

By LORD WOOLTON

PARTY politics is often regarded as a game played between two teams of professional politicians manœuvring to attain or to retain power. Some colour is lent to this conception by the fact that in the course of proceedings in the two Houses of Parliament business is conducted in accordance with certain rules tried out and honoured by tradition, and that the differences which divide the two sides do not as a rule extend to their personal relationships "off the field". I regard it as highly creditable and characteristic of the good British way of living, that differences of opinion should not impair personal friendships.

The fact that we have learnt through the generations to fight our political battles in an atmosphere of comparative decorum, and that the hard words uttered in the Chamber break no bones, must not be allowed to obscure the fact that the differences between the parties are very profound and real. This is particularly true to-day when we find ourselves in the grip of a revolution less bloody but no less fundamental to our system of life and thought than in the days of Cromwell. We must, however, take notice of a difference that is coming over the Parliamentary scene. As the mild men find political troubles surrounding them the wild men take advantage of the situation to inflame the passions of their followers and by preaching class hatred and threatening class war seek to grasp power for themselves.

CONSERVATIVES and Liberals alike find utterly abhorrent the revolutionary Marxian doctrine which, however much its exponents may seek to garnish it and make it palatable, ultimately means that the individual must surrender his independence to an abstraction called the State which in practice is nothing more than a handful of despotic politicians operating through officials who themselves wield ever-increasing powers. Socialism replaces the profit-motive by the power motive and substitutes an oligarchy for a free and independent self-regulating democracy.

It is not my purpose in this article to discuss the relative merits and demerits of the way of life into which most of us were born and of the new system into which we are being rushed by our present rulers. On this issue I would only remark that however disastrous it may prove to be, the process of turning back from it will be much more difficult than the process of going into it has been. I want rather to consider the implications of the political scene as it appears to me in this pre-Election summer. I start with the belief that a growing majority of the citizens of this country share my disbelief in the theory and practice of Socialism, and my conviction that the policies pursued by our present Government must inevitably prove disastrous to our internal economy and to our overseas trade and prestige. The General Election of 1945 produced a total vote for "Labour" and its fellow-travellers (including Communists) of 12,253,000 as compared with 12,721,000 for Conservatives, Liberals, Independents and 7,862,000 who did not vote. Thus only thirty-seven per cent of the electorate voted in 1945 for Labour, and it may well be doubted whether a large proportion of them were aware that they were voting for the Socialist Revolution. Their experience of Socialism in action has produced a steady and increasing trend of opinion away from it in the ensuing years, as is shown by a series of bye-election figures and even more emphatically by the successes of the anti-Socialist candidates in the County, Borough and District Council Elections this Spring.

I AM often asked, what is the state of public opinion to-day, and what is it

likely to be at the time of the General Election? My brief but sufficiently intensive, experience as Chairman of the Conservative Party Organization warns me to beware of political prophecy. All the statistical evidence available confirms the warning. The difference between winning and losing a seat may be so narrow as to be quite incalculable beforehand, and the recording of millions of votes may clearly not be, and often is not, represented by a corresponding gain of seats which in the last resort is the sole determinant of the complexion of the Government. It is possible, however, to consider and assess the trend of public opinion, just as a student of racing form can weigh up the chances of the horses in a big race without being able to tip the winner.

One of the factors in political form which is insufficiently documented—for the very good reason that too little is known about it, is the effect that the extension of the franchise to all adult women has had upon the conduct of public affairs. There are about sixteen and a half million women electors to fifteen and a half million men. Assuming that they voted in that proportion--and there is no reason for assuming that they do not—it is the women who are the final arbiters of which Government is to rule the country. Seeing that, normally, women take even less day-to-day interest in politics than men, what then are the influences that shape feminine opinion? To put the question thus is not to suggest that there is a masculine view and a feminine view on every question, but there is some general difference of approach. Men read politics and talk politics when they meet in the train, the club, the pub, and indeed at their places of work. Only a minority of women have either the time or inclination for politics, and even if politics are forced upon their attention by circumstances, the majority are still inaccessible to a political pamphlet or a leading article. Yet when the time comes to record their votes, I think the majority have a shrewd instinct in the matter. They have absorbed their politics out of the circumstances of their lives, and it does not by any means necessarily follow that they have adopted their husband's party.

MR. MORRISON, I notice at Blackpool, gave the party a directive about how to make an approach to women. He seemed to think that the Conservative organization—which in these days he flatters, in order to account for his party's failures in the Local Government Elections—had a system of propaganda working in queues and among shopkeepers. It is not propaganda that is convincing women that the Socialist promises of a land of plenty were false promises: it is facts. If the Government will give the people more to eat—and more of what they want—they will be more likely to listen to Mr. Morrison's agents when they coo in queues.

TO-DAY Conservatives have two major problems to solve. They have to dispel the magic of the name of the Labour party. The name is worth millions of unthinking votes because by it the party quite misleadingly arrogates to itself a monopoly of interest in the wage-earners. The value of the name was made evident in 1931 when a thoroughly discredited Labour administration was ignominously thrown out by the electorate. Only fifty-six Labour Members were returned in that year to the House of Commons, yet a hard core of 7,000,000 electors registered their ideological faith in "Labour".

The other problem with which Conservatives are faced is more sinister and more dangerous. It is the policy of mass bribery which is made so easy in a State where Government controls and rationing can be adjusted as the party in power determines. The Government, having filched so much from us in its guise of tax-collector and national shopkeeper, comes back in the rôle of Santa Claus and dispenses cheap (subsidized) food and "free" medicines, spectacles, teeth and wigs and all the rest of it. It is already apparent that the demagogues are going to play this card for all it is worth. Every protest that the Opposition raises against the

reckless extravagance of the Spending Departments (which now at last Sir Stafford Cripps has recognized and rebuked but apparently has been unable to control—which was his duty) is met by shrill accusations that the Conservatives want to cut the Social Services. It is possible to win a lot of popularity by spending other people's money. There is no doubt that the "benefits" which have been bestowed by this will be paraded before the electorate in the forthcoming campaign as a sample of the blessings that may be expected in ever-increasing amplitude when Socialism really gets going: but some doubt is beginning to arise in the public mind. They now realize that they are the people who pay for the benefits—and they are finding that they wait for months for their spectacles, that hospital treatment is much more difficult to get than it was in the days of the Voluntary Hospital. Again facts are beginning to tell their own story.

NEVERTHELESS Conservatives must have no illusions about the next Election. It is going to be no easy task, for the Local Elections have scared the Labour party. They know that they are fighting for their very survival.

Clearly the main strategy of the Socialist party will be to divert the minds of the electorate from the economic results of Socialism, and keep to the fore questions like the so-called provision of full employment over the past four years, and the "free" benefits of the social services. The appeal, in fact, will be far more a Radical than a Socialist appeal. Sir Hartley Shawcross put the point succinctly in a speech he made a few weeks ago in which he forecast the gradual extinction of the Conservative party, and declared, "The great Radical tradition is being carried out now by the Labour party". Sir Hartley went on to argue that the real fight of the future will be between democratic Socialism and Totalitarian Communism. That is a view that Sir Stafford Cripps has also put forward. More than once he has argued that if this Government fail the only alternative is revolution. I gather from Mr. Bevan's pre-Conference speech at Blackpool he thinks in like manner, in fact I read his speech to be such a threat.

THE Conservative party in the coming months must explode these pernicious doctrines by intensive political education. We must bring home to the public that the dangers of the Socialist State to their individual rights as workers and citizens are none the less real because they come slowly instead of in a violent rush. Socialism is the creed of the Labour party—and industry by industry they will proceed to enact it. In fact if they are sincere in their belief, they have no honourable alternative but to nationalize all our industry and commerce.

Politically as well as militarily, the best defence is attack. The Government, realizing how inadequate have been their efforts to redeem the promises they made at the last General Election will concentrate between now and their next appeal to the country on persuading wavering voters that things will be very much worse than they are now if a Conservative Government is returned to power. For a decade now the policy of misrepresenting the Conservative view has been the main stock-in-trade of the Socialist propagandists. The Socialists have spread mistrust of the Tories, they have exploited the political weapon of fear, especially among the younger voters. On our part, we have had to devote far too much of our time and energy since the war to the purely negative task of denying slanders and correcting falsified history. But when the Election comes the public will be more concerned with present facts than past history. Meanwhile our propaganda must be patently honest and trustworthy. The public will vote for us if they can trust us. Recently the Socialists have begun to develop a line of attack that takes the form of a campaign to persuade the country that the comparative industrial peace of the past four years would be broken if a

Conservative Government took office, and that strikes would be widespread and general. Again they are falling back on threats.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON in his broadcast last April, speaking of conditions under a Conservative Government, said "Labour unrest would be inevitable". He says that is not a threat—but why should he think the Unions would abandon the good democratic principle of the ballot box for the Communist policy of direct action. Mr. G. D. H. Cole in a recent pamphlet takes the view that a Conservative Government would "wreck the country in a head-on conflict with the organized working-class". What else can this mean except that if political Labour is defeated at the polls then industrial Labour will take up the struggle in the factory? That issue was settled in Britain in 1926, and it took Labour a decade to recover from the resentment that the general strike aroused among all sections of the public. The British people have always reacted with healthy vigour against any suggestion of blackmail. It may indeed be that these gentlemen believe that production—on the maintenance of which our whole future depends—will tail off under a Conservative Government, because the workers will be less willing to give of their best. Mr. Jack Jones, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, put it this way last year during the Croydon bye-election, "If you think that the miners would work just as eagerly for a Tory Government you had better think again".

That sentence, to my mind, illustrates most vividly the difference in the approach to life of the Socialist and the Conservative. The Socialist regards man as a political animal, who is actuated primarily by political motives. Such men exist, but fortunately they are rare. To the Conservative politics are important, but not all-important. He recognizes that quite a number of people, perhaps the majority of people, give little thought to party politics except when an election is on, and that their actions are governed by much simpler and more human causes than their like or dislike of the Government of the day.

MOST men, it is to be hoped, have not altogether abandoned the ethical and honest concept that a good day's work should be given for a good day's wage. To-day hundreds of thousands of Conservatives in the mines, the factory and the field are working hard, just as ten years ago hundreds of thousands of Socialists were working hard under a Conservative Government. The fact is that men and women do not work for Governments, but for themselves and their families. The incentive may be to buy a house, to educate the children, to have more cash to spend on the pleasures of life, to save for a more comfortable old age; it is certainly not to help any politician of any party. The politician, by his general policy, may tamper with these incentives; he may remove them by penal taxation, what he cannot do is replace them by loyalty to his party and sectarian creed.

Nor is the worker influenced by the colour of the Government when he is deciding for or against striking. All but the minority dislike strikes and will take such action only when they see no other way of obtaining higher wages or removing pressing grievances. If wages, in relation to prices, are low, or if consultative machinery between managements and men is inefficient or non-existent, then there will be grave risk of strikes whatever Government is in power.

Figures prove this. According to Mr. Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, the number of days lost by strikes in 1946, 1947 and 1948, was 2,158,000, 2,433,000 and 1,944,000 respectively. Those were all years of Socialist Government. Now compare the figures for 1936, 1937, 1938 when a Conservative Government was in office. The days lost were 1,829,000, 3,413,00 and 1,334,000 respectively: for the three years the total was almost exactly the same.

TO quote these figures is to show how groundless is the theory that industrial

peace depends upon the result of an election. It depends on the ability of this country to maintain its position in a competitive world and to continue to keep its people employed at or near the standard of living to which they have grown accustomed, or at which they aim. To-day the standard of living is lower than it was ten years ago. It will be the policy of the next Conservative Government to restore that standard especially in Food and Housing, just as it will be their policy to humanize industry and secure incentives to enterprise and hard work at all levels in our economic life. Nationalization is no substitute for solvency, as it is no substitute for the ordinary man's desire to have some part in the business in which he works: the truth of all this is beginning to sink into the minds of men who have been misled by political shibboleths. Theorists may proclaim their views and secure temporary adherents, but in the end the issue of theory is put to the test of practice. Many a political idealist voted Socialist at the last election. Now facts have spoken and left these people considerably disillusioned. They are coming to us because we are practical men whose judgments they can trust.

From a general survey of the political situation I come to the following conclusions.

FIRSTLY, I think the present Government has become corrupted in its mind by these years of power: they have enjoyed the privileges of office and in the process have become removed from the rank and file of the public whose judgment they no longer trust. Mr. Douglas Jay, Sir Stafford Cripps's chosen aide, has made this very clear in his book *The Socialist Case*. Mr. Morrison at Blackpool made the most important statement of the Conference when he said that if returned to power they would make the principles of the Supplies and Services Act which expires in 1950 a piece of permanent legislation, "The S.S. Act": rule by decree of Ministers. Fancy that from a democrat! here is indeed a threat to Parliamentary debate as a basis of Government: the horns of the dictator are beginning to show themselves. Secondly, all the recent pronouncements of the Government show that they will conduct their election campaign on the basis of exciting class prejudice and fear of the inhumanity of a Conservative Government: this in spite of the long and proved record of the Tories in the field of social legislation for the protection of the weak, the aged and those on whom misfortune has fallen. But we have great strength to combat these assaults. We have proved capacity: when the nation is in peril it turns to the Conservatives: we have a Constituency organization which is self-reliant and eager for the battle. Transport House has greater power than Abbey House—but the Conservative party does not like political bosses and it is right: the Constituency organization will not fail us in the next Election.

AND finally—and this may well be the turning factor—we have a vigorous body of men and women below the age of thirty, the Young Conservatives who have the faith and the determination of crusaders. It is the largest political organization of youth this country has known: it is their task to convert youth to their way of thinking, and if they succeed in it the result of the Election is certain. Let us older folk see that youth has the chance of doing its job. Theirs is the future. There are six and a half million voters under thirty years of age. It is for them to decide the sort of life they want for this country. Are we to be ruled by men who draw their creed from continental sources and seek to implant it on the British way of life after they have uprooted and destroyed the work of generations of Britons? Or are we to resume our old and independent place in the world: a proud, self-reliant and Imperial country, where opportunity abounds for men of enterprise and industry and where Government seeks to safeguard the freedom of the people; always protecting the weak as well as aiding the strong. It is for youth to decide and to strive.

THE TIED COTTAGE

By A. G. STREET*

LAST winter one of my socialist friends gave the game away completely. He knows a lot about farming and country life generally; and after we had been wrangling amicably for some time, he said, "Yes, I'm well aware that efficient farming in this country must have some tied cottages, and I don't want to see them abolished. But can you give me a better political cry in rural districts for the labour party than the abolition of the tied cottage?"

Twenty years ago anything based on such political dishonesty could have been dismissed as being certain to fail; but to-day it cannot. This is the age of the triumph of the half-truth backed by lying but efficient propaganda; when the majority of our rulers obey Mr. Lingnam's doctrine that "nothing matters except the Idea". Therefore, as everything possible and impossible is being said and printed and even shouted concerning the evils of the tied cottage system, it is very necessary occasionally to mention that it boasts one or two good points too.

UP to date the propaganda against tied cottages has been very successful, so much so that to-day the average town dweller is convinced that it is a horrible cruel system that should be abolished forthwith. He believes that every tied cottage is an insanitary slum not fit for a pig to live in. He is almost convinced that British farm-workers are poor down-trodden slaves, who are driven to live in dilapidated hovels by brutal employers. He has been given the impression that every day in every village he will find a mother and her children sitting in the rain on a pile of cottage furniture that has been forcibly thrown out into the street at a moment's notice by some tyrannical farmer. He has no idea that town industries, even nationalized industries, use the tied cottage system; but is certain that such an iniquitous thing is, firstly, one of the many sins of private enterprise, and secondly, something that only farmers would be ruthless enough to use in these enlightened days. And so the sorry misrepresentation goes on.

The real trouble is that all these injustices and cruelties of the tied cottage system in agriculture did happen in the past; and consequently to-day many of those who know of them through experience, hearsay, or reading, are often so filled with hate and loathing that they demand the abolition of the tied cottage, and refuse to hear one word in its defence. However, during the last forty years I have been farming in Wiltshire. During that time, while I did once hear of the eviction of a farm worker in a village ten miles away, I have never witnessed such a happening. Moreover, the suggestion that to-day a man and his family can be evicted from a tied cottage at a moment's notice is entirely false. In practice, if the worker can find no alternative accommodation, the local bench will extend the order again and again, sometimes for several months.

Now for the truly scandalous suggestion that all tied cottages are hovels. Frankly, I can never understand why the farm worker permits so many of his champions to publish such inaccuracies, for he knows the truth of the matter. Which is this—that some tied cottages are bad, some moderate, some good and some excellent; just like free cottages, and also just like town cottages.

MOREOVER, there are some bad cottages in town as well as in the country, and I am not referring only to slum areas. Owing to the nature of my work, I probably visit towns more frequently and for longer periods than most farmers do. Because

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of this I meet a varied selection of town-dwellers, of every financial and social level. As a result, during the past year I have seen many people whose income is three times that of a farm worker living in squalor in London. Cultured squalor, if you like, but in heart-breaking squalor, grime and discomfort.

Indeed, I have London friends and acquaintances who are living at high rents under conditions that no farmer of my acquaintance would dare to suggest to a farm worker as possible living accommodation. Yet nearly all these townsfolk are convinced that every tied cottage is not fit for a pig to live in. Which just shows the effect of persistent and studied inaccuracies by public men on this subject. It should be noted that I have not said or even suggested that all town houses and flats are horrible, but merely that some of them are.

NEXT for the financial side of the argument. Generally speaking to-day tied cottages on farms are let to farm workers at very much lower rents than their market value. For instance, at this moment I know of tied cottages let at six shillings weekly that could be readily let as free cottages at a pound or more. This means a useful financial gain to the farm worker in return for the risk, or, if you like, the indignity of living in a tied cottage. Consequently, in these days, although through his Union the farm worker is demanding the abolition of the tied cottage, in actual practice he is queueing up for one, eagerly seeking a job that carries with it such a positive financial advantage. Indeed, so great is this demand for jobs with cheap tied cottages attached that only the best men ever get offered them; the duds don't stand an earthly.

Proof that to-day the farm worker looks upon the tied cottage as an advantage can be found by a glance at the advertisement columns of any provincial newspaper. Here are a few typical examples taken at random from the "Situations Wanted" column of the current issue of a weekly paper that serves a wide agricultural district in the south of England.

House or bungalow essential.
Must be good house close to school.
Good cottage required near school and bus.
No milking, but cottage required.
Seeks situation with cottage.
Good cottage with closed-in range and electric light.

That sort of thing is now general throughout British farming. Moreover, despite the general labour shortage to-day, any farmer who can provide a good tied cottage to go with the job can be certain of at least twenty-five eager applicants for the situation within forty-eight hours of the appearance of his advertisement.

ANOTHER point that the town voter should notice is that farm workers are not the only people who live in tied cottages. Comparatively recent history has shown that in Britain both Kings and Prime Ministers are so housed. The Coal Board has plenty of tied cottages, and so have the Railways; and when for any reason workers in these nationalized industries who live in such houses leave their jobs they have to leave their homes. Again what about policemen, village nurses, ministers of religion, employees of the Forestry Commission, caretakers of all sorts, possibly even the caretakers of Trade Union Offices, and many others? Everybody knows that some jobs require that those who do them shall live in certain houses, and quit those houses at the termination of their engagement, so that their successors can take on efficiently. Why then pick on farming in this matter? If tied houses are to be abolished, let us be fair and abolish the lot.

Anyway, to demand the abolition of the tied cottage is to attack a friend of the farm worker, and to ignore his real enemy to-day, which is the lamentable lack of free cottages in rural districts. In my view what is wanted is enough free cottages, so that no farm

worker can be compelled or induced or persuaded to live in a tied cottage if he does not wish so to do. In other words, I want no compulsion for anybody, either farmer or farm worker, but complete freedom of choice for both.

FOR example, as a farmer I want to be able to employ a head dairyman, say, who will live in a tied cottage near his cows. I offer the position to one man on those terms. He, not liking the idea of living in a tied cottage, refuses it, and goes off to get a job where the living conditions suit him. I then advertise until I find the suitable man who is willing, even eager, to live in a tied cottage. Now then, all three of us, two farm workers and one farmer, all being free, British, and over twenty-one have had the right of personal choice. What in the name of all that is sensible and decent is wrong with that?

Which reminds me of a story of a debate on prohibition in a country town in Western America. The advocate of prohibition spoke for an hour, winding up his remarks with "My friends, consider the donkey, the lowliest of God's creatures, the humble ass. Offer him the choice between a bucket of water and a bucket of whisky and even he will choose the water".

When he sat down his opponent rose to his feet, and ignoring his long and carefully prepared speech, merely said, "My friends, the previous speaker is willing to permit the humble ass to choose whether he will drink whisky or water, a choice, mark you, that he would deny to his fellow man." Needless to say, he won hands down. Perhaps there are too many people in Britain to-day who yearn to deny the right of choice to their fellow men and women, not only with regard to drink but everything else as well.

BUT to get back to tied cottages—in my view the ban on these in the new Housing Bill is justified. Tied or service cottages are part of the fixed equipment of agriculture, on a par with its barns and other farm-buildings; and therefore not one penny piece of public money should be spent on either erecting or reconditioning them. To advocate the continuance of tied cottages in agriculture and also to expect public funds to pay for them is not only two-faced but childish in the extreme. As a farmer I consider the tied cottage system too valuable to be scrapped; but I recognize that such an attitude insists that I insist that the charge for it must be borne by the industry.

The just solution is for the State to get busy erecting free cottages in our rural districts in such numbers that no farm worker need live in a tied cottage unless he so chooses; and for the State also to give landowners and farmers permission and opportunity to buy materials and employ labour to build or recondition tied cottages at their own expense, of course, with the proviso that the finished article shall come up to the required standards of decency. Then, if farmers care to use that part of their fixed equipment as bait to attract and keep first-class farm workers as their employees, nobody can have any valid reason to object.

For it should never be forgotten that the main purpose of cottages in rural districts, tied or otherwise, is to house those people who obtain their living by serving the land near to their homes. If the standard and supply of rural cottages is inadequate, the land will not get the quality of service that its well-being demands. Which means that our most valuable legacy from history, Britain's farming land will suffer. As land is so much more lasting than people, for the sake of the land there must be more and better houses for the people.

Those are the usual arguments which are used in defence of tied cottages; but in order to counter the very efficient propaganda used against them, it is necessary to adopt different tactics. To be always "defending" something is to be always admitting that it is too weak to stand alone on its own merits; yet the tied cottage system is undoubtedly one thing in British agriculture that can do just that. Very certainly there is no need for all this defending

and apologizing. That sort of thing has merely taught the general public to think and to say, "Pity the farm worker. The poor fellow has to live in a tied cottage".

IN my view landowners and farmers should take the opposite line, and get busy bragging about the advantages the tied cottage system grants to the farm worker. Say frankly to all and sundry, "Isn't the farm worker a lucky chap? He is able to live in a tied cottage". Also stress the point that farming is one of the few British industries that still shoulders the responsibility of housing its employees.

Conversation with townsfolk of all classes during recent years has shown me that there is a growing demand for more tied cottages in other trades and professions. For instance, take the case of a bank clerk, B.B.C. producer, or anyone employed by a business undertaking that operates all over the country. He is a married man with two children, and lives where he works, in Bristol, say.

Then on merit he gets promotion that means improved status and a substantial rise in salary; but also entails that he shall live and work in Birmingham or Newcastle. Can he afford to accept this step up? No, because while he has got a house in Bristol, it may be years before he can get hold of a house in a strange town.

CONTRAST the lot of a skilled farm worker who gets promotion on merit to a better job on a different farm in another village, perhaps in another county. Agriculture provides an empty house, pays the cost of shifting his furniture to it, and makes sure that the house is scrubbed clean throughout before his entry. Moreover, the house is open for his inspection before he takes the new job. There is no perhaps about any of this; in farming it is a certainty.

Indeed, all my life farming has made a better attempt than any other industry in Britain at housing its workers. Yes, better than the government of the country, no matter what its politics may have been. For instance, only the other day I was forced to sympathize with the hard lot of an Inspector of Taxes, which is something few farmers ever do. To-day he is working nearly two hundred miles away from his house and home; simply because he has been unable to get another house in the city to which he was shifted some three years ago.

Again, recently I met a young ex-service man, married with one little child. He had just finished a year's training on a farm under the government scheme, and proudly informed me that he now had a job as a full-blown skilled farm worker in a village nearly ten miles away from his previous home; "and all complete with a house" he added with evident satisfaction.

"Well, I'm sorry you've been compelled to suffer the indignity and hardship of living in a tied cottage", I said. "Don't you want 'em abolished?" "Look here", he came back in a flash, "I may be a fool, but I ain't quite such a BF as that. A good house at six bob a week. Why that's what makes farm work so attractive for blokes like me with a wife and a kiddie".

THIS is the age of state planning, of government controls and directions of all sorts. But obviously it is impossible to plan industry and employment unless people can be housed adequately in the town or district to which they are directed; be the direction that of the state, private enterprise, or in the form of promotion as reward for merit.

To repeat—landowners and farmers should give up the foolish habit of apologizing for their tied cottages, and get busy bragging about them. For there can be no doubt that what is wanted in Britain to-day is not the abolition of tied houses in agriculture, but a great increase of free houses everywhere, and of tied houses in many other businesses and professions. In fact tied cottages provide one instance where one can justly say, "and the more the merrier".

CZECH DOUBLE-DEALING

By H.S.H. PRINCE ADOLPH zu SCHWARZENBERG *

DURING and after the First World War the main feature in Bohemian policy was a tendency to back both sides at the same time, more particularly during the continuation of hostilities. Bohemia was until 1918 a part of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, in which it formed a province under Habsburg rule and at the same time a Kingdom, though enjoying a very limited autonomy; if indeed this was autonomy at all, for it was by no means self-government.

On the whole, the Czechs, who are and always have been the majority of the inhabitants of Bohemia and Moravia, displayed, even during the First World War, in domestic affairs a fairly loyal attitude towards the Government in Vienna, though there were some significant exceptions. For example, the 28th Regiment of Infantry was considered as somewhat unreliable, and occasionally there were desertions to the enemy, which were more frequent than in the other Czech regiments, yet at home the Czechs stressed their absolute loyalty to the Habsburg regime and "collaborated" willingly, more particularly where their pockets were affected. Nevertheless, while they acted in this way within the black and yellow frontier posts of the Habsburg Monarchy, they had very able agents outside beyond the enemy lines. In particular, there were T. G. Masaryk, who acted as prospective President of a future Czechoslovakian Republic, Edward Benes, and many others, who escaped beyond the frontiers and settled down abroad, where, with the help of the future victors, they set up a free autonomous provisional Government that was to come into existence after the defeat of the Central Powers.

WHAT, however, would have happened if the Central Powers had emerged as victors? The answer is more than simple: Masaryk and Co. would have disappeared into oblivion, and the Czechs who had stayed at home and had so marvellously played the *rôle* of loyal subjects, would have proclaimed incessantly how faithful they had always been to the Habsburgs and to the Monarchy, having lost thousands, or tens of thousands, of their best sons for the "Just Cause", and how enormous their contribution to victory had been. Nevertheless, luck was not on the side of the Central Powers. In consequence, from October 1918, onwards, the Czechs within the Monarchy had to change quickly to other tactics, transforming themselves like chameleons, and they were forced to appear as innocent victims who had been persecuted by the brutal Habsburg regime. The same people who frantically roared "Hurrah" to greet the Emperor were now not ashamed to utter calumnious words against him. "Hallelujah" and "Crucify Him" are so close to each other, but it would appear that "Crucify Him" is much easier to shout.

It must be admitted that the Czechs played this new *rôle* with marvellous skill and admirable flexibility. For Masaryk and his colleagues it was now easy enough to create a Czechoslovakian Republic, but to the very end Masaryk played a double game. When he was dealing with France and the United States he produced a plan for a Republic in Czechoslovakia, but for Russia he put forward a Czech kingdom, leaving open the question whether a Romanoff or somebody else should wear the crown of St. Wenceslas, for so long as the Tsar reigned in Russia the word

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Republic did not sound good. Incidentally, Masaryk had promised the Slovaks autonomy as well as many other acceptable privileges, but these never materialized, and serious difficulties later arose owing to this. Thus, even when the Czechs were fighting for independence their double-dealing was proved.

This particular characteristic has even up to the present yielded good results when it was a question of dealing with the credulous. The situation is the same now, and it will always remain the same, so long as the victors in a war in which Czechoslovakia is involved do not investigate thoroughly the kind of people with whom they are dealing.

IT is an old and very cheap trick to play in with both sides in such great conflict as the two World Wars, more particularly when the outcome is not at all clear, at least to the people most concerned. In the Second World War the situation was much the same, and there was a distinct analogy with what happened in its predecessor. From 1939 until 1945 Hácha functioned as President, first for the mutilated second Czechoslovak Republic and then during the Nazi occupation of the "Protectorate", therefore displaying a friendly attitude, however involuntarily, towards the Hitler regime. At the same time Benesh and his associates set up in London a Government with more or less open leanings to the Left. If Hitler had won the war Hácha would have become the great man of the day. However, Hitler was defeated, and Hácha, who had done his best to save his country from the horrors of war, and had played this part not unsuccessfully, died in prison as an old and broken man, practically forgotten, while Benesh emerged as the great man of the future and as President of a reborn Czechoslovak Republic. Nevertheless, Benesh did not long enjoy his exalted position, for in February 1948 the Communists, although in a minority, seized power, after which Benesh disappeared and Gottwald became President.

Even in normal times the double game of Czech policy can be seen quite clearly. As long as Czechoslovakia adopted the *rôle* of dependence on the West, Benesh was at the helm and from 1945 onwards prepared the delivery of his country to the Communists. All the ministers in his Cabinet (there were about two dozen of them) worked with their idolized President, and in a most masterly fashion steered their country into Communism, always hoping for a good job as a reward for their laudable work in the Bolshevist interest. Unfortunately for them, however, things took a different turn, for although Benesh put up a token-resistance for a few days against the overthrow of democracy just to show a good face to the civilized world in the West, it was a comparatively easy task to help the Communist Gottwald into the red saddle, thereby "preventing a civil war". From that fatal day in February 1948 it could no longer be doubted that Czechoslovakia was a Communist country, leaning away from democracy and civilization, and progressing at full speed towards red totalitarianism, which by now was firmly secure as "a people's democracy" by force and terror.

WHEN the Government, with its outward appearance of democracy, fell, Benesh and the members of his Cabinet had clearly accomplished their task as laid down by the Kremlin, and from then on they were no longer useful. Realizing this they immediately "backed the other horse", each in his own way. Benesh resigned, and Gottwald replaced him without any difficulty. All went smoothly, and Benesh did even more for Communism, he died. Some of the former ministers tried to escape across the frontier, but were arrested: some, however, did reach the American zone in Bavaria, where they started to play the part of heroes and of defenders of democracy who had been forced to fly from the persecutions of the Communists. Needless to say they behaved as if they had always been ardent anti-Communists, here as in reality they helped Communism wherever they could so long as they were in office, and willingly or unwill-

ingly prepared the overthrow of their own regime. This they could have prevented with the help of the army, which had remained loyal, and with a little courage, but courage is an unknown quality with the majority of the Czech nation. In the West, however, little is known about these "heroes", or the *role* which they are playing in their endeavour to cover up their more than doubtful past.

At this point, it may be useful to draw a parallel with Nazi Germany. Any German one meets to-day will be sure to say that he has always been opposed to the Nazis, and will describe how much he has suffered at their hands, no matter whether he was in reality a Nazi or not. Probably Hitler himself would say the same thing if he were still alive. It is the same in Italy where every Italian has been a partisan and fought against Mussolini, even if he were in reality a Fascist. The same is the case with the Czechs in exile. Take their word for what it is worth, but never believe them at first sight. It is well known that many Czechs had a very fine time under the Nazi occupation; they collaborated willingly and made a lot of money. The rare exceptions only served to prove the rule. During the Presidency of Benesh they were more than ready to collaborate with Moscow, but when this became impossible they gathered in London, whence they have now moved to Washington, trying to set up a Government in exile and hoping to be at the helm when adversity overtakes Communism. It is a game that has been played time and time again, and the names of these *emigrés* with a doubtful past make no difference; what makes a difference is whether or not they are reliable.

IN attempting to answer this question it can be safely stated that those who worked with and for Benesh until February 1948, when Czechoslovakia's future became linked with Communism, are *a priori* unreliable, whereas those who were persecuted by Benesh and his system and broke with it before February 1948 are mostly reliable men who should be supported. It would be a great mistake to trust *emigrés* who are not reliable, and it is surely our duty to learn from the mistakes in this respect which have been made in the past. It must also be remembered that the Communists, who are always much more active and quicker than their democratic opponents in the West, have innumerable agents of their own among Czech *emigrés*. Western democracy should be warned in time before it is too late.

Short Story

THE HEEL OF THE EMBLEM

BY VERNON HEATON

PATURA, standing on the headland overlooking the ocean, turned his head inland to the Island at his back.

Still powerful of build, though his white, crinkly hair set off by his almost jet black skin, told the tale of the years. His body was naked except for a girdle of dried elephant grass that hung from his waist, and smaller circlets of the same plant about his neck and wrists. He carried neither shield nor spear in his hand, as the population of the Island over which he ruled, had known neither war nor strife within living memory, nor did such catastrophes find place in the age-old legends of his people.

No outside shadow had ever been known to break the circle of the wide blue horizon that surrounded them, their tiny world was all that had ever existed for them, and they were content that it should be so.

The tropic Island was almost circular, and no more in circumference than could be walked comfortably between the rising and the setting of the sun. In the dead days of old it had supported a population, sprinkled over the Island, only comparable with the clusters of sparkles in the sea as it spilled over the coral reef that almost girded it. To-day, a single village of only sufficient people to be numbered on the toes and fingers of the crew of a fast canoe, remained of the slowly disappearing race.

Their contentment had been great, and in the many years of the fatherly rule of old Patura, neither famine nor disease had reared its ugly head, but on this dawn the old Chief appeared puzzled and sad.

TURNING his eyes back to the sea, he watched a great wooden ship with huge canvas sails flapping idly in the almost still air, as it approached the single gap in the reef. Never before had he beheld such a sight, nor had he believed that the ocean had ever held any other craft than his own tiny canoes. As the monster headed steadily for the Island, the old man could not repress a sinking feeling of the onslaught of disaster.

Still early in the morning, Patura was the only one of the natives yet awake and about, but he hesitated to rush down to the village as the bearer of such ill tidings.

A few minutes longer and he realized that something must be done. Turning his back on the sea, he ran steadily in the direction of the only village. Forcing his way through the thick growth of elephant grass on the hillside, he trotted through the ruins of what had once been a village, but which had long years ago fallen into disuse, as the population contracted. Through the thick clusters of banana trees, over some roughly tilled acres, wading through a clear rippling stream until he reached the ancient council place in the centre of the cluster of native dwellings, the capital of his domain.

Pausing a moment, the old man debated in his mind whether to call a meeting of the council, simple enough in this innocence of humanity. He had but to raise his voice, but it was many years since the elders had last met, and then only to discuss the sins of a woman who refused to cook for her man. Patura's memory was not what it had been and he was none too sure of whom his council consisted, and rather than solve such an unnecessary problem he shouted loudly, calling the whole village to the beaten ground on which he stood.

MOMENTS only elapsed before his people were about him; all except the few too old to move about, Melilla who was bedded on the dead elephant grass with that very night's infant and Jooda who was paralyzed and unable to walk, everyone in

anxious excitement over the unusual summons.

In a few sonorous words and a dazzlement of gesticulation, the old man told the news. His arms portrayed the thrill of the event, but his deep voice awed the population with the possible advent of disaster. A low wail of nervous anticipation came from the crowd and they turned to follow the ancient one back to the headland.

The journey was slow because of the climb and the old man's waning strength, but none dared outpace him so that it was a dignified body that finally breasted the last slope through the tall grass to overlook the sea at the point where the advancing ship was to be seen.

In silence, the throng of natives watched the great intruder, slowly and patiently negotiate the gap in the reef. They watched in awe as the great sails came clattering down about the masts, as the huge metal anchor splashed over the side and a number of small boats drop quietly into the calm sheltered waters at the ship's side.

AS the crew slid down the ropes into the waiting boats, a gasp of amazement passed over the crowd as they noted their appearance. White of skin, strangely garbed in a motley of coloured garments that enshrouded each individual, except for the face, the cumbersome articles they clutched in their threatening hands and the sound of an unknown tongue as orders were called which carried so easily over the peaceful waters.

Most of all, Patura noted the numbers of men who obviously intended to come ashore. Unable to count, he could still assess, and though no thought of conflict came to his mind, yet he felt that here, at last, had come to the Island a force that boded no good for his people.

The old man led his people back to the council ground where he knew he would feel more confident, and prepared to meet the invaders. No defence positions were taken up, nor were there any weapons. A palaver was the only method of settling a dispute known to the native population.

A little later, as the natives took up their positions behind their Chief, they watched as a body of the strange men strode purposefully towards them alongside the stream, which dropped gently back down to the sea to the point where the intruders had landed from their small boats.

PATURA stepped forward from his people as the white men came near. They came to a standstill some yards in front of him and the two parties stood in silence for some moments, eyeing each other with undisguised curiosity, then he who appeared to be the Chief of the invaders, stepped forward to confront Patura.

"I am the captain of the frigate lying in the bay," the stranger announced himself. "I claim this Island on behalf of my King."

The natives were startled by the harshness of the man's voice and murmured amongst themselves in awe. Patura, understanding not a word of the pronouncement, remained silently awaiting some move that would denote the intentions of the speaker.

The captain realized that his words had not been understood, but this was not the first time he had taken possession of new territory, and he merely signalled with his arm to one of the men behind him. The natives watched quietly and uncomprehendingly as the man, indicated by the captain, selected a tall straight palm tree and climbing to its top, lopped off its branches with an axe. When nothing remained but a tall mast, the man pulled a large square of coloured bunting from his belt and fixed it in position at the top, so that it hung in the slight breeze, displaying its variegated colouring to the crowd beneath it.

As soon as the man had slid down the tree to the ground again, the captain called an order, and as his men brought themselves into an attitude of strict attention, a drummer gave a resounding roll on his instrument.

AS the last beats echoed away through the tree tops, Patura guessed that some strange ceremony had been completed, and turned back to the captain to see what would happen next. Another sentence from the captain and the peaceful meeting was over. In an instant, the white men were among the natives attempting to explain, by demonstration, the tasks they were to perform. Coconuts, bananas, paw-paws and casava roots were to be cut down, or dug up, and conveyed in bulk to the waiting boats. Barrels were to be brought from the ship and filled with fresh stream water, and returned. A large number of the native goats were to be conveyed to the waiting vessel and, in stricken bewilderment, the old Chief realized that the bulk of the Island's substance was to be taken from them.

In vain, the old man protested to the captain. Plead as he might, not the slightest notice was taken of his gestures, and as the natives stood around making no attempt to perform their allotted tasks, waiting the outcome of their Chief's efforts to dissuade the marauders, the captain lost patience, and at his order, the white men drew the long knives hanging in the belts at their sides. A moment later, they set about beating the natives with the flat of the blades in an effort to get them to work.

Painful though the beatings were, the natives still failed to understand the menace, nor did it occur to them to retaliate, and they started milling and shuffling about in an effort to avoid the blows directed at them, but always with an eye to Patura, standing to one side, dazed, unhappy and sadly bewildered.

THE captain soon grew tired of the lack of response and the waste of time. It would take some hours to re-victual his ship and he wanted to be well clear of the uncharted reef before darkness should fall again. Angrily, he called another order and his men desisted from belabouring the natives and turned their attention to the rude homes of the Island's population.

With the aid of a little gunpowder and their tinder-boxes, the white strangers quickly set alight to each hut in turn, and in a few moments the whole village was ablaze.

A cry of horror arose from the natives as the flames licked up the sides of their crude shelters, bursting into a rich glow as the dry brushwood and interwoven grass from which they were built, succumbed easily to the fire. No one rushed forward in an attempt to douse the blaze. Experience had taught them, long ago, that any such endeavour was doomed to failure, and with horror and despair in their hearts, the natives watched their village as it became reduced to small heaps of charred and smoking ashes.

Patura understood at last, the meaning of force, and with a catch in his voice and dread in his eyes, he turned to his people and ordered them to obey the commands of the strangers, rather than risk further disaster.

Slowly and sorrowfully, the native men, women and children set about denuding their little Island of so much of its natural wealth. Steadily and hopelessly, still not understanding the tragedy that had overtaken them, they toiled, backwards and forwards to the ship's boats, loading them with the produce of the land, the animals and even the water from the stream.

ONCE they had started, the natives worked steadily, protesting not at all in the sudden feeling of inevitability, encouraged by the sad voice of their old Chief and wishing for nothing more than to be left in peace once again, to repair their broken lives.

The sailors, finding there was no further need for forceful persuasion, lay about on the ground, rising only now and again to direct some new foray. The captain strolled negligently about the Island, whiling away the hours until he was ready to sail away

again, and rehearsing in his mind the report he would make to his Admiral of easy conquest and further aggrandizement for his King.

THE sun was already westering when the despoiling of the Island and the loading of the great ship was completed, and making sure that his wants were satisfied, the captain called his men about him and ordered the natives to cease work and gather at the foot of the makeshift flagstaff. Once they were drawn about him, his men to his rear and the natives to his front, he addressed them all, regardless of whether or not they understood his language:

"In the name of the King, I shall call this place 'Sunrise Island', in memory of its first discovery. I charge you all, and you Chief in particular, to honour the flag of your King and to protect it against all his enemies."

Another order, and once again the drums rolled in salute as the white men stood to attention, and then, with a glance of disdain at Patura, the captain turned away, and followed by his men, strode down beside the little stream towards his boats.

SILENTLY and unmovingly, the natives watched the departure of the white-faced strangers. Unhappy at their own sad plight, but relieved to see the foreigners leave their soil, they remained where they stood while the last of the despoilers passed from their view behind a cluster of trees.

Still the throng remained, patiently silent, their eyes resting in mute enquiry on their Chief. He stood slightly apart from them, his eyes cast down to the ground, his mind still unable to absorb the extent of the disaster, or to plan for his people's future.

Minutes passed, but at last Patura looked up, and then, turning slowly towards his people, he gazed at them sorrowfully for a few moments shrugged his shoulders unhappily, and turned to move away.

At that moment, the flag still flying above their heads gave a crack in the breeze and the old man glanced upwards in bewilderment. Suddenly, with a flash of his old haughty eyes, he ordered one of the younger men to climb the tree and bring the bunting down to him.

AS the great ship shook out her sails preparatory to weighing anchor and departure into the coming darkness, a canoe, guided by a single native, shot out from the shore towards it. The captain, noting its hurried progress, took no steps to check his ship's preparations, satisfied that at the most, the oncoming native could be intending no more than a protest, and this impression was heightened as the canoe drew nearer and he recognized the white, crinkly head of the Island's Chief.

The native, elderly though he was, had no difficulty in climbing one of the ropes dangling from the ship's maindeck, and as the captain stepped down to confront him, he was surprised to see a coloured bundle over the Chief's arm.

As the two men came face to face, the native Chief solemnly held the folded flag towards the ship's captain, and spoke in the native tongue:

"You have forgotten this. We do not want it."

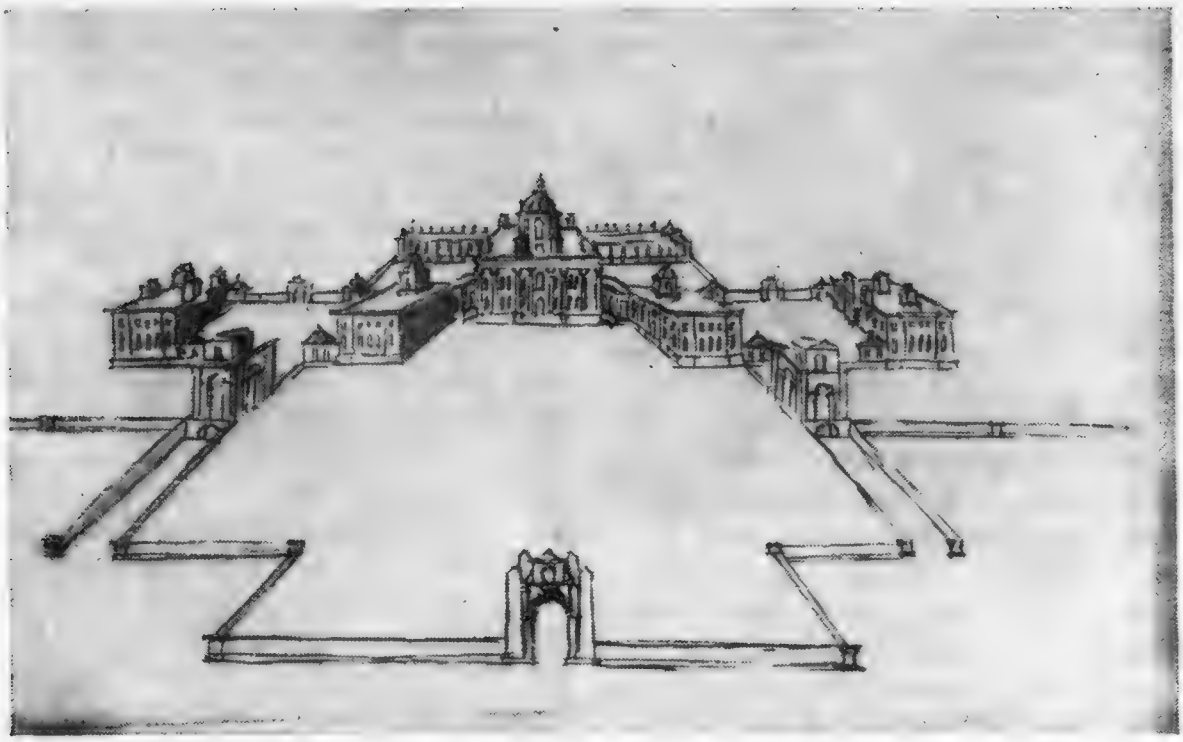

Fig. 1. An architect's free-hand sketch, somewhat different from the published bird's-eye view, and probably earlier.

Unpublished Drawings for

CASTLE HOWARD

By LAURENCE WHISTLER

This is the third article by Laurence Whistler, dealing with unpublished Vanbrugh drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum and the British Museum

ONE of the new drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum is concerned with Castle Howard—a free-hand sketch in line and wash, showing the complete lay-out in a bird's-eye view (D. 93-91, Fig. 1); and this drawing can reasonably be attributed to Vanbrugh or to Hawksmoor. It immediately recalls the fine bird's-eye view in *Vitruvius Britannicus*, Vol III, of 1725 (Fig. 2), where the angle of vision is virtually the same. Yet it presents a puzzling little problem, for it differs at certain points from the published engraving, and these differences are not accidental: they suggest an alternative—that is, an earlier—proposal for some of the outbuildings. Thus, there is no way through from the forecourt to the base courts on either flank; the forecourt is about twice as deep as it would be later; and on the southern or farther side of each base court we find no offices, but a blank wall and an archway leading to the garden. The differences are not many, yet they are noticeable in a sketch that is clearly by a man who means what he says.

Now the engraved bird's-eye view, though not published until 1725, agrees almost exactly with the plan (Fig. 3) and elevation in *Vitruvius Britannicus*, Vol. I, of 1717, and is clearly based on them. Thus the sketch

cannot be later that 1717; but how much earlier it is remains a question.

WE know that when Colin Campbell was preparing the first volume he must have invited Vanbrugh to contribute his designs for Castle Howard, Blenheim, and King's Weston; since all these appear in it. As a Palladian and an ally of Lord Burlington he cannot have relished the Baroque much, but Vanbrugh was too big an architect, with too many friends among the great, to be disregarded. Castle Howard was far from complete at the time, and would never be completed according to the architect's wishes; but in imagination it might; and Vanbrugh provided Campbell with the drawings for an entire provisional lay-out. That it *was* provisional where the outbuildings were concerned—that his own ideas would alter, even when much of the house had been built—I shall show in a moment.

It is not unlikely to have been Vanbrugh himself, with his pioneering love of the picturesque, who proposed that a bird's-eye view should be included; for no other view could so tellingly convey the *unity* of the scheme, and it was that which he prized especially. Some words that he wrote about Blenheim apply with equal force to Castle Howard:—

If your Lordship will Observe other Houses where you go, You will find hundreds that have more out buildings a great deal. All the Difference is, that they are generally ill favour'd by Scrambling about, And look like a Ragged Village Whereas these being all Compriz'd within One regular Handsome Wall (And being likewise regularly dispos'd within) Form a Court, which by this means Adds to the Magnificence of the Dwelling.

IF then to pursue my conjecture, it was Vanbrugh who favoured a bird's-eye view, he will at this stage, or earlier, have made a sketch like the one now revealed to us, or have asked Hawksmoor to make it for him. A drawing like it, but embodying his

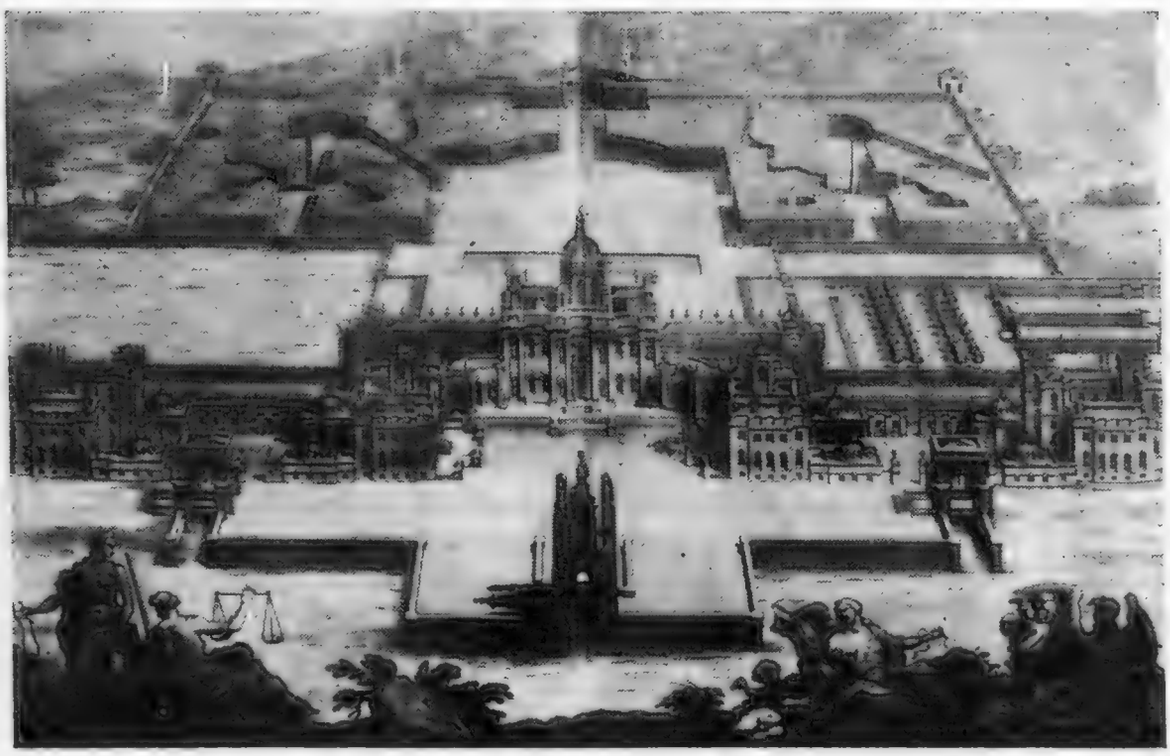

Fig. 2. The bird's-eye view from *Vitruvius Britannicus*, Vol. III, 1725.

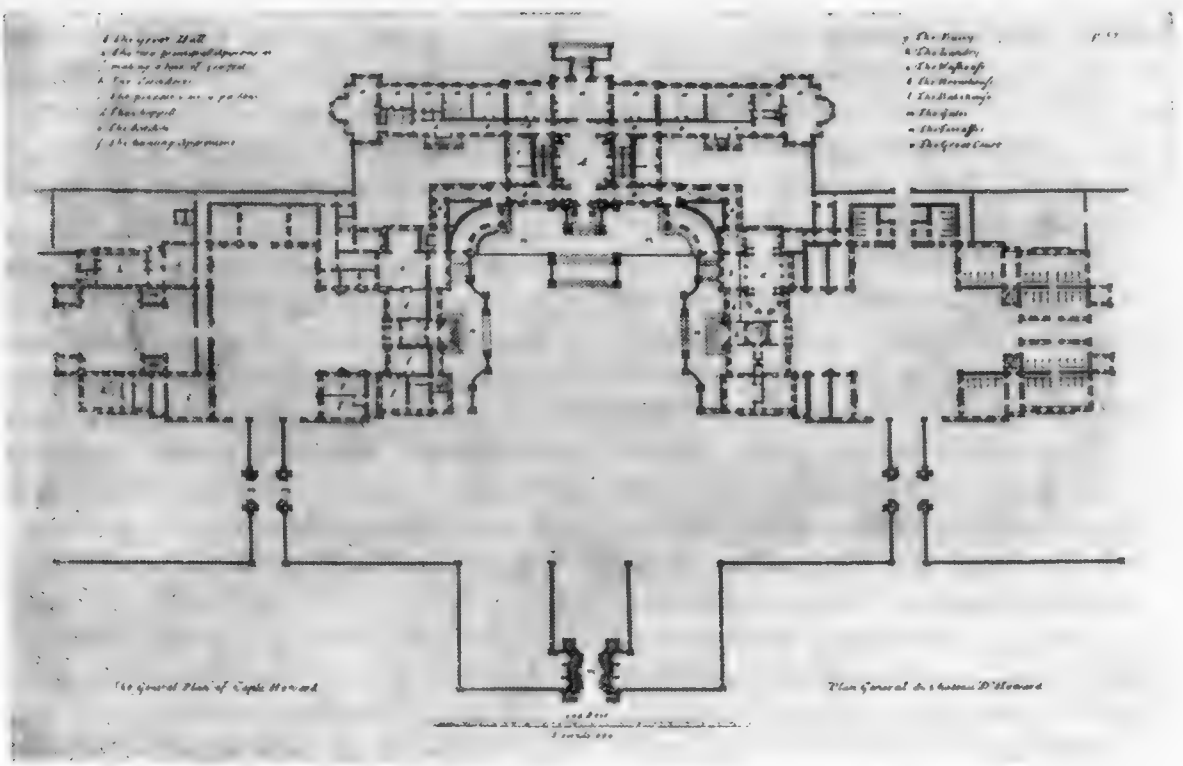

Fig. 3. The plan of Castle Howard from *Vitruvius Britannicus*, Vol. I, 1717.

perfected ideas at the time, will have been included with the plans and elevations that went to Campbell for engraving. But for some reason, probably lack of space, Campbell did not publish the bird's-eye view with the other plates—"all drawn from the originals by the Architect, Sir *John Vanbrugh*, and by him most carefully revised": he put it aside and introduced it into his third volume in 1725, saying, "I thought nothing could be further wanting to give a perfect Idea of the Plan, but an accurate view of the same in Perspective". No perspective views appear in the first two volumes, but there are several in the third, including two other bird's-eye views of Greenwich Hospital and Wilton.

But by then the idea was not so perfect; for Vanbrugh had been compelled to change his mind about certain features. He had abandoned, as too expensive perhaps, the great archway immediately in front of the two entrances into the base court; and he had built over the entrances themselves two archways of a more modest, though still Vanbrugian, sort. What is more, he had begun to have doubts about the still more important central archway in a group of obelisks, which cuts so dashing a figure in the engraved views. When we think how characteristic it was of its author, and how appropriate to the whole design, we must wonder at this, did we not know the reason. The whole north-western part of the house had still to be begun, and according to the new Burlingtonian ideas of Palladian decorum (doubtless already conveyed to Lord Carlisle by his future son-in-law, Sir Thomas Robinson) the design was clumsy and incorrect. That, then, was why Vanbrugh wrote on 21st November, "As much as I love a Gateway, and by consequence Shou'd be glad to See one set up at Castle Howard; I must own I think the Wing of so much more weight to the Credit of the House . . ." In the following month he became even more emphatic, now arguing *against* the central gateway; saying that Lord Cobham was all for side approaches at Stowe; they looked well at a German Palace; the hill

here was too steep for a central approach; and in fact—"I don't think it wou'd be necessary (nor indeed proper)." This is an amusing example of that plausibility which had long enraged the Duchess of Marlborough. If Vanbrugh had lived to see the west wing safely built to his design, as it never would be, we may be sure that the central archway, restored to favour, would have been made to appear the indispensable, crowning grace of the whole conception. And the steepness of the hill would only have added to its grandeur.

IN the King's Library collection at the British Museum there are several unpublished drawings for Castle Howard, by Hawksmoor. Some are alternative sketches for the homely rubble-built Belvedere he was proposing in 1724: Vanbrugh convinced Carlisle that anything of the sort would be quite unworthy of its important situation, and substituted his own elegant Temple. A much more significant Hawksmoor drawing (K. 45-18-c: Fig. 4) is one for the south-west corner of the house; that is to say, for the end of the garden front facing west with a great bow-window. Beside it is written, in Hawksmoor's handwriting:—

> This is the West front of the great Cabinet. I am not exact in the Number of Rusticks in ye Basement, but the Number must be Regulated by my Lords Appartmt and the arching heads drawne out at Large, which I pray you to doe, and give me an account how it hitts, for I have not ye draught of my Lds End, so cannot adjust it my Self. if you find any difficulty pray send me a rough (draft?) of my Lds front and I will settle it.
>
> The windows, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, you see goes up to ye top, B.C. The pilasters, Cornices, molds etc. as in my Lds appartmt. The Entablature from D to E is Circular. The Attick from F to G is Straight. Lay a

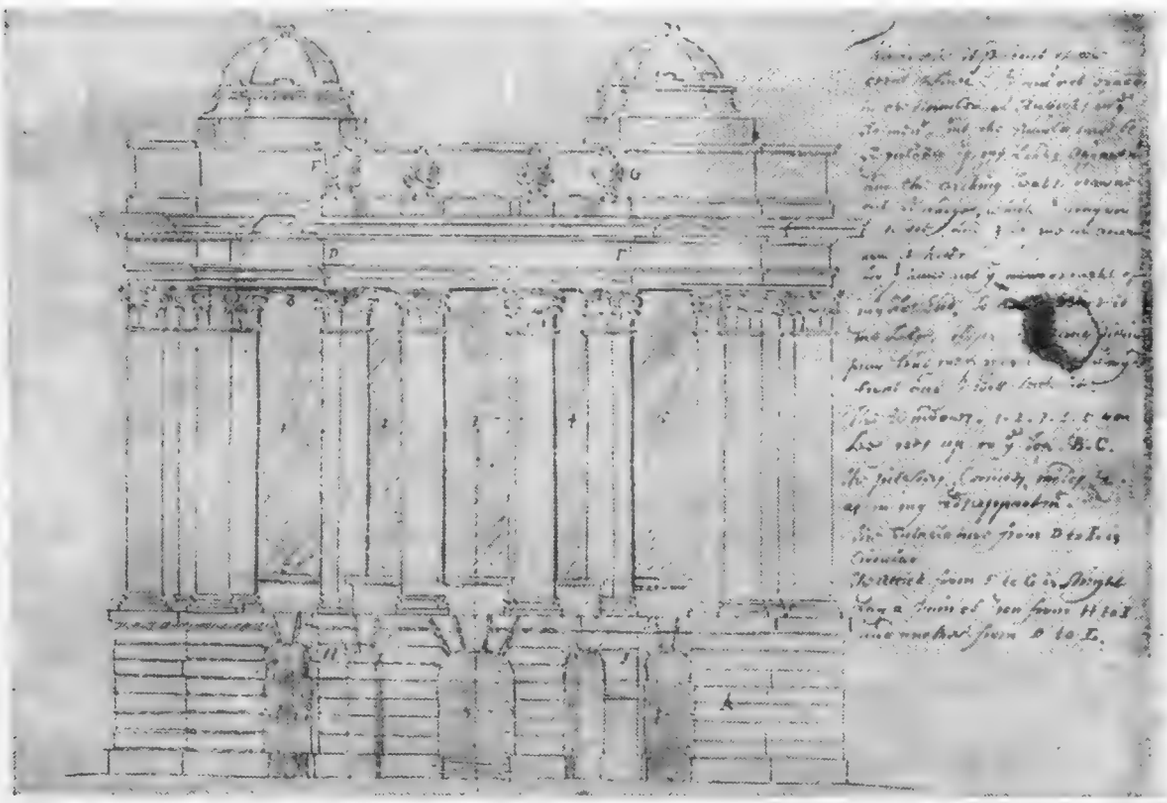

Fig. 4. A drawing by Hawksmoor, with his directions for building the western pavilion of the south front.

Chain of Iron from H to I and another from D to E.

Scale 5 ft in an Inch.

This note is explained by the published plan (Fig. 3) and bird's-eye view (Fig. 2). At each end of his long range of state rooms on the garden side Vanbrugh designed a room with a bow-window, one looking east and the other west. The one at the east end was "my Lords Appartment"; and evidently, when these words were written by Hawksmoor, this was already well in hand, if not actually finished: it was on the eastern part of the house that work had begun. But the bow did not survive very long: a modern eye could find no trace of it, either within or without, and it must have been skilfully (though foolishly) removed, perhaps during the ruthless completion of the house in 1753. It would be interesting to know whether the disastrous fire of 1940 has revealed any alterations to the fabric at this point.

Hawksmoor's drawing is for the *other* end of the house, with the bow-window facing west. Sending it to a subordinate at Castle Howard—probably William Etty, who acted as resident architect—Hawksmoor explains that he hasn't with him the elevation of "my Lds End", and cannot remember how many courses of rustication there should be, nor how they should work out with the arched windows in the basement; but the eastern front will provide a model.

THAT Hawksmoor, with his technical knowledge, was responsible for translating Vanbrugh's big ideas into detailed instructions, we already knew; and this drawing merely affords a good example of the process, the more valuable because original drawings for Castle Howard are extremely rare. But that does not exhaust its interest. When Vanbrugh died in 1726, the eastern half of his grand design had been accomplished, including the main block with the cupola; but a vast amount remained to be done in the western half, where the chapel wing on the west side of the forecourt, and the stable court behind that, were not even begun; and in his last years as we have seen, Vanbrugh was arguing rightly, if characteristically, that an ornamental gateway was less important than a completed house. Arrangements were actually made for beginning the work, but nothing came of them; and Vanbrugh was still stressing its importance

Fig. 5. The south front, showing Sir Thomas Robinson's lengthened west wing. The fire of 1940 destroyed the state rooms of the central block and the eastern range, together with the dome.

only a week before he died, aware that a house left with a ragged edge could be finished in a different manner. That is what happened. Between 1753 and 1759 Castle Howard was given its lop-sided completion by Sir Thomas Robinson, who believed his design to be much better than Vanbrugh's, and hoped, it is thought, to reshape the eastern extremities also, thereby restoring symmetry. That fortunately he was never able to do.

Robinson abandoned the attached stable court altogether (the stables were afterwards built at a distance from the house), and so gave his massive new wing a western façade extending right to the corner of the garden front. To win space inside it he projected his wing not only farther north than Vanbrugh's on the other side of the forecourt, but also farther west. The effect on the garden front is obvious: it had to be stretched out westwards like elastic to accommodate the width of the new range, and Robinson finished it off with a broad and high pavilion in place of a narrow and low one (Fig 5). Doubtless he thought this an improvement itself, failing to see that Vanbrugh's proportions, though unconventional and not as convincing as in later designs, were better: and that the narrow front with its little pavilions had a look of gay grandeur, delightfully alert. Crowned with an attic, Robinson's contribution was even more disturbing than now appears; for in the last century an attempt was made to bring it into harmony with the rest.

It has been rather assumed that Robinson merely began where Vanbrugh left off; that not only the north-west part of the house, but also the south-west extremity, were lacking at the time of Vanbrugh's death. Yet surely this was always a trifle unlikely. One can imagine that Lord Carlisle continued to play with archways and temples rather than face the expense of beginning large operations on the west side of his forecourt, but not that for twenty-five years he would be content with an abbreviated front towards his garden, especially as we know that at least some of the state rooms west of the central block were built and furnished. In 1724, as we have seen, Vanbrugh was urging the completion of the house. On 26th March, he asked Carlisle why he did not "let those loose stones that ly about the Old House, be rang'd in their Places in the foundation of the New Wing". This, he said, "wou'd in very Great measure, remove that disagreeable Confusion, and litter, that is a mighty drawback upon the Beauty of the Court, and North Appearance of the House, and that every body that see the seat, are sorely hurt with". Nothing is said about the "South Appearance". Yet just at this time Vanbrugh was adding the final touches to the parterre, in the form of obelisks and other ornaments. If the south front were also unfinished—and to the extent only of a few state rooms—he would surely have placed completion of that in front of everything.

In the light of this letter the new drawing is almost conclusive evidence that the garden front was completed according to Vanbrugh's design and afterwards altered by Robinson; for here is Hawksmoor sending directions for the building of its western pavilion. The question remains, at what period did he do so? We noticed that he calls it "the West front of the great Cabinet" as distinct from "my Lords Appartmt", the corresponding room at the other end. So when we learn from the accounts kept in the house that a plasterer called Bagnall had been working, as early as 1706, in a room with a bow-window called the "Grand Cabinet", the question seems answered, and we wonder that the western end of the house should be completed so early. This is quite misleading. The name was applied to *both* bow-window rooms, for references to "My Lord's Grand Cabinet" appear more than once in the accounts from 1705 onwards, where it is certainly the eastern one which is intended. Thus we are no nearer arriving at the precise date of the western pavilion; but the general progress of the work suggests that it was not built before 1707, nor fitted before 1710. For what it is worth,

another slight piece of evidence may be brought. On the back of this drawing are the words "West front of ye Cabinet", and the following figures:—

1707
1662
——
45

This seems to be a calculation of years, perhaps of a man's age, up to the year 1707.

Something more must be said, by a modern writer on Castle Howard, about the miserable event already alluded to. At five in the morning of November 9th, 1940, a fire broke out in the south-east corner of Castle Howard from a source undiscovered, and extended westward, totally destroying the state rooms of that eastern range, and those in the central block towards the garden, with many lovely and valuable pictures by Tintoretto, Velasquez, Clouet, Canaletto and others. Before it was got under control at about one in the afternoon, flying sparks had set the dome irredeemably ablaze, and, far below it, injury was done to the splendidly elaborate fireplace, though fortunately to little else in the hall. No harm befell the western part of the house or Sir Thomas Robinson's wing, and from the north, if it were not for the emphatic absence of the dome, the building would appear unscathed. From the south, it is hollow eyes above the basement for nearly two thirds of its length. But the interior walls have been pointed; and the rooms flanking the hall, and on the garden side the first room beyond the central block to the west, have now been repaired.

Claremont was demolished within fifty years of completion; so was Eastbury. Seaton Delaval was gutted in 1822. Now fire has come to the gayest and most sympathetic of Vanbrugh's houses, and to the part of it most difficult to spare.

TRAIN SONG

ONCE the world was whole and one
And mine; the green stars sang.
Tonight
There are here no nightingales—
Only the wicked fog.
No larks rise from these fields,
No rock exists on which to lay my head
No tree to shade my grief,
No house or hand to guard my dream;
No passion in the sun,
No rhythm in the sea,
No ancient wonder answering in the blood;
No moon to rule my tide,
No eyes, no touch, no secrets in the sky,
No fire, no rage, no song, no mystery,
No doom, no fear, no victory.
Only the endless turning of the wheels,
Mechanic train-wheels of this endless Now.

MARY WYKEHAM.

AN ELEGY OF BIRDS

I

IN summer-time I love the shade:
How oft in boyhood I have made
The quiet of the rowan-glade
My secret nest,
A refuge green where sunbeams stray'd
And ferns caress'd!

II

Birds of all kinds would flutter nigh,
Alight, and gaze with golden eye,
The while they hopp'd like faeries by
My rustic seat;
And still to-day they fearless fly
Their friend to greet.

III

For I have loved them, one and all,
Rejoiced to hear their artless call,
From the first blossom to the fall
Of tawny leaves,
From primrose buds beneath the wall
To harvest sheaves.

IV

So let me in the shadows sit,
And watch the feather'd fays that flit
Between the leafy rafters, lit
By peeping rays,
And mark how robin, linnet, tit,
Has each his ways.

V

There is a lesson, seen or heard,
In every movement of a bird;
Each song's a poem without word,
Surpassing art;
Each silken feather, still or stirr'd,
Speaks to the heart.

CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL.

Theatre

"PASSIONATE AND HEROIC LOVE"

HUBERT GRIFFITH

THE RING; TRISTAN AND ISOLDA. By Richard Wagner. *Covent Garden.*

ANN VERONICA. By H. G. Wells and Ronald Gow. *Piccadilly.*

SHOOTING STAR. By Basil Thomas. *Playhouse.*

ON MONDAY NEXT. By Philip King. *Comedy.*

SAUCE TARTARE. (Revue.) *Cambridge Theatre.*

PASSPORT TO PIMLICO. (Film.) *Anywhere.*

COVENT GARDEN—and indeed the whole of the London stage—has been dominated for the last month by the serene and triumphant personality of Mme. Kirsten Flagstad, in two cycles of "*The Ring*", and two performances of "*Tristan and Isolda*".

Is it matching like things with unlike things, to attempt to equate Mme. Flagstad, operatic soprano, with dramatic actresses of the first class? To pit Wagner, musician, against the greatest dramatists of all time? And for a dramatic critic to try to do it?

I don't think so. In the first place, any dramatic critic who has a quick enough musical ear to spot the miraculous change of key in the first few bars of Brangaena's song from the tower:

"*Einsam wachend in der Nacht*"

and the equally astonishing change of key in the love-duet:

"*O sink hernieder, Nacht der Liebe,*"

has full liberty to write all he wants about Wagner. He has only to sit back in his seat and listen—particularly to the orchestra. Remembering always that Wagner often did not greatly mind what his principals were singing—using their voices as mere instruments in the orchestra—but being always particularly careful of what that orchestra had to say. (This is a tip of value to the Wagnerian beginner. Set your mind on listening to the orchestra only. It is "the everlasting arms" that are underneath. When the voices have anything particularly important to say, they will pretty soon force your attention on them.)

But nevertheless Mme Flagstad dominated the whole thing. In spite of small help from her conductor, Dr. Karl Rankl. He may be magnificent with Mozart. With Wagner he is a disaster. To take two small instances only. He spun out the introductory evening, the one act "*Rheingold*", to two and a half hours! Now this is a wonderful short opera. It contains the germ of many of the motives and enchantments that are going to seduce us through the succeeding three enormous evenings of the "*Valkyrie*" and "*Siegfried*" and "*The Dusk of the Gods*". I have heard the opening opera go through in about one and a half hours under Wagnerian conductors of genius such as Furtwangler and Beecham, glittering and gleaming in its every bar. But at this time of day the need for all its elaborate explanations is long past, and under the baton of Dr. Rankl it sounded about as effervescent as dough in a trough. (And the glorious song of the Rhein-Maidens—that mysterious song that seems to well up from the depths of the primeval earth—was allowed to go for nothing, (a) because the singers were masked behind scenery, and (b) because Dr. Rankl, in his conduct of the orchestra, seemed not to know what they were singing.)

To pursue the subject further:—of all the remarkable things in Brynnhilde's remarkable last song, *Götterdämmerung*, the most striking thing is its changes of mood; the triumphal and statuesque entry of Brynnhilde; the scorn of her opening phrases:

"*Schweight eures Jammers, jauchsenden Schwall*"

(feebly translated as "Silence your sorrows, timorous throng!"); the tenderness of her gazing down into the dead Siegfried's face; the deep peace and nerve strain ended—all passion spent—of her pacification with her God, the

"*Ruhe, Ruhe, du Gott*".

And then, the whole orchestra springing to life and excitement as her mood changes and she calls for her charger . . . the horse Grane. The orchestra no more springs to life and excitement under Dr. Rankl than can a small car first driven out of its garage with its maker's "choke" on its carburettor. I apologize for these ignoble analogies.

Dr. Rankl, as a conductor of Wagner, must go. Mme. Flagstad, as the greatest living Wagnerian soprano, still at the height of her powers, must come back again. It is a golden voice, of utter assurance and majesty. I thank her for hours of unforgettable beauty. Listen to her in the lovely, pleading song at Wotan's knees, almost entirely unaccompanied for its first twenty bars:

"*Was it so shameful then, O father?*"

Watch her entrance for Brynnhilde's great closing song in "*The Dusk of the Gods*". She appears—entirely motionless—under the vast portico that Covent Garden have erected for this express purpose (to their credit). She appears in a robe that might be Greek, looking like a drawing that might be by Ingres. There is something entirely satisfactory in this amalgamation of the Classic with the Nordic legend.

And the golden voice pours out. Our best actress, Edith Evans, might learn something from this motionless repose of a great Wagnerian singer. She is the best that we will ever see in our lifetime.

A FOOTNOTE to Wagner:—Among many things that are striking in Wagner, after hearing the whole cycle of "*The Ring*" and "*Tristan*" for approximately the twentieth time, nothing is more striking than that no single bar of "*Tristan*" could be exchanged for a single bar of "*The Ring*" without one's noticing it at once.

This is remarkable; because both are very long and contain very many bars. "*Tristan*" four hours, and "*The Ring*" four evenings.

One is all passionate love, "*Tristan and Isolda*"; the other, "*The Ring*", is all heroic love.

How does one differentiate the two? By this. In "*Tristan*" there is the passionate self-absorption of the two lovers, in themselves and one another, Tristan might have been an erratic art-failure from the Slade. Isolda might have been a typist. Neither would have cared. They are each lifted (for the particular moment) to a plane that we might experience (if lucky) once in our lives.

But in "*The Ring*" the whole emphasis is otherwise. The whole problem is "how to get a child born". The Sieglanda—Siegmund love scenes lead up to it. The cry of rapture with which Sieglanda greets the announcement that she is to be the mother of Siegfried, though "hunger and thirst" (and death) are included in the bargain.

It is interesting that the purely lyrical interludes, the moonlight garden music of "*Tristan*" and the "Forest Music" of "*The Ring*", might be thought interchangeable. But they aren't. The moonlight garden music is an invitation to lovers. But Brynnhilde's greeting is to the sun, and the earth, and to the light.

MY enchantment with two supreme personalities, Mme. Flagstad and Richard Wagner, have left me with small space for other happenings on the London stage. But they have by no means been negligible, in the period under review, and I beg you to take my advice seriously, as the majority of the plays will still be running.

"*Ann Veronica*" is a transcript by Mr. Ronald Gow from one of H. G. Wells' early novels. Knowing almost by heart all the rest of them, "*Ann Veronica*" is the one that I know least. Therefore I come to it with a purer conscience. I take it entirely as a "play". And as

a play it is pretty good. It has the sincerity and integrity of Miss Wendy Hiller as its leading figure. It seems to me a pity that the accidentals have been so guyed. Bicycles are still bicycles, and plenty of people get much pleasure out of them, without thinking them essentially comic. And Suffragettes, after all, put a new statute on our statute book. "*Ann Veronica*", in short, is the portrait of an epoch. It makes a good and coherent play. I think that Wells would not have been displeased with Ronald Gow's adapting of it. And I am fairly certain that he would have been pleased with Miss Wendy Hiller.

"*Shooting Star*" is a brilliant play, about a spectacular footballer, and the attempts to buy him from one club to another. Possibly the critics have been too ardent to declare that "this isn't a play where one is required to know anything about professional football" —whereby warning the general public that one *does* want to know the elements of professional football, and warning the women (who are the chief supporters of theatres) to keep away.

But everyone knows, even those who have never been to a professional football match, that professional footballers are bought and sold like so much meat over the counter. And the play concerns itself entirely with a psychological study of those who buy and sell them—a superb acting exhibition by Mr. James Hayter.

"*On Monday Next*", at the Comedy, is everything to everybody. It shows a provincial repertory company in rehearsal. It might be thought that it is narrow and professional and "shoppy". But who of us, even in the remotest provinces, has not had our experience of the local "rep", or pushed the scenery about somewhere, or sometime or other, or assisted at amateur theatricals? All is there, in "*On Monday Next*"—the harassed producer who has worked with stars in London (Mr. Henry Kendall, giving one of the best performances of his career), the ex-star (Miss Olga Lindo), and the aspirants in the company, all so tragically hopeful and all so beautifully played (and in character).

I know that this play was originally put on at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage. That all the managements of London were there. That none of them thought it worth buying. And that the original company finally put it on in central London, at the Comedy Theatre, themselves. I think (and hope) that they will run a long time.

"*Sauce Tartare*" at the Cambridge is the rare thing, a witty revue with much good taste in it. It contains at least one personality of near-genius, Miss Renée Houston.

"*Passport to Pimlico*" is so good a film that it makes me wish that I were primarily a film-critic. It is entirely and completely and purely English. It is also almost completely lunatic.

I once asked a Russian to translate to me the phrase "*kak razdolié*". She replied:—"Freedom, space, happiness—*everything you wish!*" The plot of the film "*Passport to Pimlico*" is that certain streets in Pimlico, owing to the revelations of the delay-action of a time-bomb, find they were ceded to the Dukes of Burgundy back somewhere in the twelfth century. The inhabitants are Burgundian citizens! They establish their own currency and system of passport control. They are only just prevented from declaring war on the United Nations. They are blockaded and starved of their rations. An "Air-Lift to Burgundy (Pimlico)" is instituted by well-wishers. In the end they triumph in their local patriotism. Pimlico *v* the World!

I cannot describe to you how amusing the film is. How it was made for tuppence-ha'penny (compared with Hollywood standards), its sets being the Ealing studios and a vacant bomb-site. Nor the wit and good acting (Mr. Stanley Holloway, Miss Hermione Baddeley, and others) that has gone into its making.

Go to see it. And if it does not come to you, *demand* of your local cinema manager that he brings it.

"The Grand Goodnight"

THE GRAND GOODNIGHT

By "BB"

GILBERT WHITE, in his *Natural History of Selborne* describes the evening gathering of the rooks over Selborne Down. It is perhaps one of the most memorable descriptions in the book. He says:

"Just before dusk they return in long strings from the foraging of the day and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne Down, where they wheel round in the air and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon the pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day, they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence . . . that the rooks were saying their prayers. . . ."

Gilbert White observed and listened to this nightly gathering of rooks from a distance and I am not aware that any naturalist of note has studied this evening ceremonial at close quarters.

FOR the last two winters I have made it my business to watch these wise and lovable birds at their roosting woods and even to make a recording of this wonderful nightly prayer meeting.

At Stanford Park, in Warwickshire, there is a large wood in the park where the birds congregate each night in winter, and it was there that I was able to study them. So enthralling is this ceremonial that it might be of interest if I described it.

At four o'clock of a mid-winter's afternoon, especially in quiet and frosty weather, the wood is deserted and silent. In a very few minutes, however, signs of life are evident as the pigeon flocks arrive from the surrounding pastures. They come wheeling and gliding to perch on the outermost taller trees which fringe the wood and there they sit for twenty minutes or so, digesting their afternoon's feed. All these soft and silent birds have their crops distended with grain or haws. The latter berries are the staple diet of the winter pigeon flocks and the amount they can stow away is amazing.

They sit motionless on the topmost twigs and now and again will raise their heads and wobble their crops which seems to aid digestion.

AS the fiery sun dips down into a frosty evening mist they then descend into the lower trees, until no birds are visible and one might think that there was nothing more to see and hear.

There is a silence save for the occasional thrice repeated caw of a Carrion and now and again a solitary crow wings over the bristly tops of the oaks which are now etched against the glowing sunset sky. There is a moment in the twilight when twigs and branches seen against the soft tones of reflected light remind one of the blurred lines of a dry-point etching.

The edges are not exactly sharp but slightly fuzzed, nor are the twigs and branches black but a wonderful rich shade of madder brown.

At half past four the light has almost gone and the ignorant observer would turn his face for home. Nothing can be seen or heard at this late hour, surely, every bird, even the rooks, have gone to roost or changed their dormitory to-night.

BUT wait a little longer, the magic moment has almost come! No wonder so few have observed this wonder, even the ancient labouring man, with rush skip on back stumps away down the narrow, winding road under the chestnuts and truly leaves "the world to darkness and to me".

An owl hoots from the depths of the vast black wood which now looms like a crouched monster across the park and at precisely 4.35 p.m. the "jack jackkerings" of the daws are heard coming from the north.

A party of some fifty or sixty birds can just be seen, weaving and tumbling as they approach, all making a tremendous metallic bugling. The jackdaw's note can be imitated very well by striking stones together, especially large flints.

These birds are the buglers calling up the rooks and on every occasion I have watched the ceremony *the daws have been the heralds.*

"The Rookery in Spring"

They scour the meadows on all sides, voyaging out into the darkening sky, shepherding their larger more sedate companions in to sleep, almost like collie dogs rounding up a flock. More jackdaws continue to arrive until a constant stream is visible but it is as yet a little early for the rooks.

THESE jackdaws are very numerous, two thousand would be a low estimate perhaps. They are true denizens of the park, which contain many old and knotted trees full of holes. When the whole jackdaw population has assembled they career madly to and fro over the tree tops and the tumultuous wild sounds are almost painful to the hearing, producing rather an unpleasant shivering sensation in the ear drums. The light has now so far gone that the birds are not visible unless the watcher crosses the park and enters the wood. At this time—4.45 p.m. in mid-December—the rooks and daws cannot distinguish a man, even if he stands directly below them in the ridings.

"Though seemingly roughly built, rooks' nests will last several seasons."

And now at last come the rooks, their comfortable, sedate voices forming a swelling undertone to the high-pitched jackkering of the daws.

Minute by minute the tumultuous sound increases as other rooks come in. To see them arrive in their uncountable hundreds is in itself a thrilling sight. Many have come from far distant pastures, ten or a dozen miles away, for this particular wood seems to be the chief dormitory for many miles around, the procession is ceaseless.

ROOKS change their feeding grounds from week to week, wherever they find the fattest fare. This is usually governed by the ploughing up of fields, but grass fields provide them with wire worms or leather jackets, and in the pastures where the cattle graze they diligently hunt under every cow platter, turning and scattering them with their hugh pick-axe bills to get at the grubs beneath.

For some reason which I cannot explain rooks do not as a rule roost in their nesting woods. Though there is a rookery in the Park Wood it is not large and I have found that the birds prefer to roost away from their spring-time haunts.

Of course, not all these rooks who frequent Stanford Park are locally bred. In autumn vast numbers of rooks come to this country, and so do jackdaws, and certainly quite half of these Stanford rooks must be foreigners, mostly from northern Central Europe and Scandinavia. From 4.45 to 5 p.m. G.M.T., in mid-December the volume of sound at the roosting wood is at its height. I can liken it best to the noise made by a big locomotive, with steam up, in a covered station.

THE birds are still on wing, drifting to and fro in one immense flock from one end of the wood to the other; turning when they reach the end with an almost military precision.

At last one or two birds drop down into the tree tops and gradually the sound begins to subside. The jackdaws are the first to settle; the rooks will fly until it is almost dark, certainly too dark to make them out.

Firs are specially favoured, but oaks are thickly covered with roosting birds. After alighting they continue to caw but not with the same vigour and urgency. One by one bills are tucked into backs until by 5.15 p.m. a silence has again descended. The Grand Goodnight is over.

Why do the birds indulge in these impressive manœuvres at roosting time?

This is a difficult question to answer but I believe I have one clue at least. All the gregarious birds (starlings as well as rooks and daws) have to work hard in the fields during the short winter days.

THERE are few occasions for aerial exercise and the only time this is indulged in is during bright, gusty weather, when the call of the winds will not be denied. Rooks and daws glory in the power of flight, it is almost meat and drink to them. Starlings also take great delight in aerial manœuvres as any London dweller can see for himself.

All day, then, the sable birds have been busy in the pastures or following the plough, walking, walking, digging, delving, no time to glory in the upper airs, no playtime for the rooks and daws! Work to live, live to work from November to February's end, and then there will be the busiest time of all when nests must be built and young must be reared, no playtime until mid-summer and autumn!

But when the strenuous times are over and done, when the fat glowing days of September and October promise abundant food for little labour, and plenty of leisure for play, then the rooks can *really* enjoy themselves, and their contentment is reflected in their sleepy well-fed caws. Anyone who has studied rooks must know that they have a seasonal change of voice. The spring caw is very distinctive, oft-repeated, with bowing motion of the head and fanning tail. It is really the first sound of spring for me, that, and the fairy bells of the great tits. The winter caw is shorter and not so musical as the autumn caw.

BUT to return to the roosting habit. That brief quarter of an hour in the late twilight is, as I say, the only time they have, for bellies must be full to generate warmth all through the long winter nights. Imagine the hardihood of these wise and lovable birds! High up in the tree tops of the silent wood, exposed to the four winds of heaven, blow they ever so rudely; at the mercy of the cruel frost which stealthily embraces them in the silent, glittering night, there they will sleep the long hours through until when at last dawn comes they must rouse themselves and be off to another day's toil in the fields, no time in the morning for music or play! Hurriedly they rise in groups and couples and string away for their feeding ground, hungry they are in frosty weather, weak from exposure, too, when the frost is really severe. It is no easy matter when the furrows are like iron and the grass crusted with white fur to win your breakfast. I have noticed that these birds suffer very much in bad winters, many migrate to the coast or warmer parts of the island and the vast concourse, at Stanford Park at any rate, is reduced by half.

On the night of 7th December, 1948, an eagerly awaited moment arrived, when we had planned to make a recording of the Grand Goodnight. The van was coming from a distance and I was not at all sure the rooks would oblige us. Heavy rain was falling until four o'clock and a wild gusty night was forecast.

The rain had been so heavy we found it was not feasible to get the van up to the wood, so we left it on the road and ran out four

hundred yards of cable to the wood edge and here we put the microphone under an elm.

WE then retired to the van and waited. The time was then close on 4.30 p.m., and by some miracle the wind had dropped and the rain had ceased.

From time to time the engineer would press some switch and we would hear, as if by wizardry, the secret sounds going on in the black wood, away there over the park. We sat among the instruments in the glowing, lighted, and warm interior, and listened to the numberless sounds of a wood at night, all greatly magnified. Strange confused murmurings and rustlings echoing hollowly, the stir of leaves, then breaking in, the sudden evil "Kewar! Kewar! Kewar!" of a carrion crow.

There was as yet no sign of the jackdaws and horrid doubts began to assail me, it looked as though the whole project might be a failure. But dead on time we heard the "jack jacking" of the heralds and in a moment or so a hurrying band streamed directly over the microphone and we set the disc turning.

Then came the rook flocks in their thousand and that night, despite the lowering clouds and weeping skies, they put on their grandest show.

As soon as I heard the deep, bass voices of the approaching rooks I ran out into the darkness across the park and groped for the microphone. I reached it just as the first main lots came over and was able to record a running commentary.

THESE records (I like to think) are unique, for never before has the Grand Goodnight been recorded in Britain.

Listening again to it later, within four walls, was a fascinating experience, and as the tumultuous cataract of sound grew in volume I was reminded again of dear old Gilbert White listening to his rooks over Selborne Down . . . "the cry of hounds in hollow, echoing woods" . . . "the rushing of wind in tall trees".

How he would have marvelled at these same sounds conjured from the revolving disc under the bright needle!

AS A GREAT TOWN DRAWS THE ECCENTRICS IN

AS a great town draws the eccentrics in,
So I am like a city built of clay
Where madmen flourish, for beneath my skin,
In every secret arch or alleyway

That winds about my bones of midnight, they
Lurk in their rags, impatient for the call
To muster at my breastbone, and to cry
For revolution through the capital.

MERVYN PEAKE.

NOTE ON PÉGUY

By MRS. GEORGE NORMAN

IT is just fifty years since, in the spring of 1898, Paris first heard the name of Charles Péguy. It is true that a month or so earlier Péguy had produced to the astounded gaze of a few fellow-students the first edition of his *Jeanne d'Arc*, but it was not till the new year that reports of the "imposing in-quarto volume" reached tepidly interested cenacles across the Seine. With various additions the book was to evolve into one of the more famous of French writings. Some months before, at the Ecole Normale, Péguy's "group" had subscribed two-thousand francs for what they believed to be his wild-goose chase for a publisher. They subscribed partly because Péguy was then, as he remained, moneyless, and chiefly because he was himself and they always did that sort of thing for him.

Péguy had already amazed the Normale, at the end of his first year he had called on the principal and asked for a year's leave of absence and to go home. Naturally dumbfounded, M. Perrot had enquired why—Péguy said his eyes troubled him.

Why not have them seen to—and not abandon a whole year's study? Besides, such an absence was absolutely against the rules. But Péguy went home; he wished to write his *Jeanne d'Arc* (so the first edition was briefly entitled) and what he wished with any intensity he always did. He wrote almost unceasingly for seventeen years, he wished to impress certain views on his world—no one read him, not the great public, "Péguy was of the number of writers who are illustrious and are not read".

NOW, after fifty years, that which he wished to do is done, certain principles, certain of his ideas underlie much of to-day's French thought, in its best elements this will not again be as though Péguy had not existed. In the late war, in its painful home crises, men asked themselves what Péguy would have thought or said, Vercors was one of the few authors who got books out of France, in his *Deux Voix Francaises* he made Péguy practically the leader of the Resistance; Secretain did likewise. At Marseilles an *Order of Companions of Péguy* was instituted; the men of Vichy, of all people, tried to claim Péguy for their side.

"He is the man I miss most, the man of genius of our generation," Jean Tharaud has written since Péguy died. What is outstanding about this particular man of genius was his being alone of his kind, no one has been in the least like him. His name, brief, uncompromising, rugged-sounding and of unknown origin, is, as it were a monument to, and of, him. He is an Immortal though the Immortals rejected him, shuddering at his style. What was said of Charles Dubos, like Péguy largely unread in his life-time, may be applied to the latter. "It is not the least of undertakings to trace his influence on so many writers, so many works, so many matters which have stirred public opinion to passion." (Martin Chauffier in his biography of Charles Dubos.)

Unlike Karl Marx who progressed, or retrograded from, comparatively mild principles to conclusions which have set half the world aflame, Péguy advanced in time from blood-red principles, from negation to productive affirmation, from priest-eating fierceness and general anarchy to belief and Faith.

IT must be said at once that Péguy's faith, when he re-attained it, was as individual, indeed as singular, as all else about him. When he returned to the beliefs of his earliest years he quite passionately repudiated the term "conversion" though to his co-religionists there was none other applicable. He never got beyond the threshold of the

Church in practice though, as far as doctrine was concerned, he was the Church's convinced upholder and extremely devout as to private prayer. Yet "What", asked a scoffing unbeliever, "what is a Catholic who does not go to Mass? Péguy is just floundering about." Georges Sorel, who spoke, was wrong, Péguy never floundered. His circumstances were agonizing, he was, according to the Church, living in sin in his marriage, for this had been by civil contract only, but he was not going to force his wife to acknowledge the fact; his children were unbaptized, his wife had never covenanted for their baptism and strongly objected to the idea of it till long after Péguy was dead—he felt he must leave it at that.

It was debated, it still is, whether the above facts, or simply Péguy's idiosyncrasies—his pride for instance—accounted for what seemed half-measures in a matter he felt to be vital. His sins never included self-indulgence, that was the last thing ever attributed to him while pride and arrogance freely were; provocative he certainly was, but was he really proud? "No one could be who wrote of humility as he did," said a great contemporary. Other men have come of French peasant stock and have more or less shed the qualities which largely distinguish it, Péguy never did; neither the intensive French education nor long contact with the world of ideas, in the least altered the fabric of his mind. An intellectual, he would have repudiated for himself, with flaming denials, any such classification, half his life was spent in attack on the Sorbonne and all, in his opinions, it stood for. The attack was not only verbal, for he had not infrequently led his "group" at the Normale to battle in its old corridors. . . . He had few of the ordinary attributes, certainly not those of the average sensual man—even his early marriage was prompted by the purest quixotism; when later he felt a passionate love which was returned, it ended, as it began, in renunciation. So life astonished and saddened him. "Ah, I did not know this was what life is like," he said once, but life reduced to the starkest elements of poverty and struggle was "like that" for him till he was killed leading his company in the first months of the 1914 war. He had, we are told, none the less "the old French gaiety," the only thing left out, said a friend, in Laurens' fine portrait of Péguy.

PÉGUY has a literature of his own, in it every aspect of his character and temperament is dissected. The book which best gives Péguy as an actual living personality is *Notre cher Péguy* of the brothers Tharaud; for sheer charm, wit, evocation and perception it can scarcely have been surpassed in any biography, if such it can be called. "Book of Friendship" might be better; it has the candour of friends not devoid of humour, but it lacks, as is so usual in France, dates and much of the common-place of facts those artists of the pen, the Tharauds, are unlikely to supply.

To those of us who prefer to situate men and women in time and place it may be useful to recall some data of Péguy's life.

He was not forty when he was killed at Villerey near Meaux in the battle of the Marne in August 1914. His mother kept in a drawer a blackened crust from the Siege of Paris in 1871, she would explain that her husband, a miller of the Loiret, and "the others," had fought for long and eaten of that ancient bread—his father had died when Péguy was ten months old. To bring up and educate the child his mother re-seated rush chairs from morning till night while he, on a little stool at her feet, learnt to read. Of his grandmother, who herself could not read but, at the age of fifteen, had fought with dogs the wolves which threatened her flock, he was infinitely proud. "She was a great woman," he said, whatever he might become he would attribute to her.

The legend of his forebears was the very foundation of his life and thought, he never forgot it or ceased to have it in his mind; this was the old, the elemental France and its people, "Would it be believed we were reared amongst a gay people, in my time everyone

sang (except myself who was already unworthy of being of that time) . . . one earned scarcely anything, so to speak, one can hardly conceive how small the wages were, and yet all the world roared (*bouffait*) with laughter. There was in the smallest house a sort of well-to-do-ness of which the memory is lost. Really one did not calculate, one did not have to. And one could bring up children." They were upright, sturdy millers, vine-tenders "gnarled like their vines", tillers —men! the women, proper mates for this racy, unshrinking stock, as honest as the bread they baked, integral as their soil. Péguy was to live in Paris or its outer dependencies, he was to work with little cause for song but he never got away from the Orléandais, the Val de Loire, and the old generation he believed to have passed away. He himself was one with it.

THE women of his household were there to prove it, not only with his mother's work-day of seventeen hours, but her adding out of her savings a storey to their house, and her purchase of others nearby. Meanwhile Péguy grew, studied, listened breathless to their faubourg blacksmith who had lived history, fought in and around the town till the Prussians invested it—the campaign of Chanzy. Orleans is, so to speak, an outpost of Paris. "What can be saved, is saved there," says Daniel Halvéy,* there St. Aignan, patron of Orleans, had arrested the barbarians in the VIIth century, it was the principal setting for Péguy's *Jeanne d'Arc* in the XVth, all of which left its mark on his mind. He was from the first a wonderful scholar at a "little annexe set in a corner of the first courtyard of the Training College for Loiret Teachers". These teachers, still pupils themselves, had no fault to find with the boy except that he talked too much! Ha would all his life talk, as he wrote, as only he could. At the weekly Catechism class at the Curé's he learnt the exact opposite of what the young non-believing student-teachers taught, but Péguy strangely enough, did not mind, he imbibed the secularist teaching but turned from it quite innocently to "Calvary and the Resurrection; all about greatness, sacrifice and glory. How wonderful it was", he wrote later.

The Péguy's were not particularly pious, though the boy was taught to say his prayers, to go to Mass on Sundays and then there were the May-June processions of Joan of Arc at which he determined even then to write her story some day. The atmosphere at any rate was Catholic; if clouded by, and since, the upheavals of the Revolution, it was at least, before the great religious decline of our time set in. "A parish in those days was infinitely nearer to a parish of the fifteenth century than to a parish of to-day," wrote the Tharauds, themselves not Catholics, "and the free-thinkers of that date were at bottom more devout than the *dévots* of to-day." Péguy, in any case, had ingrained in him the lessons of the Catechism classes and the essence of spirituality.

PÉGUY'S mother managed to get him a schcolarship to the upper primary school, Monsieur Naudy, the Head, had vision, "Péguy must learn Greek and Latin". The decision altered Péguy, altered his life. "With retrospective anguish I often wonder unnerved . . . where I should have ended if . . . M. Naudy had not rescued me in the Easter recess. I was twelve and three months old. It was high time." Only twelve, but high time; this was no exaggeration, Péguy *flowered* in what was to the boy an enchanted enlargement of horizons. Ever after he would "hear the voice along the Aegean capes announcing the death of Pan", and, later, the more sombre tones of Tragedy, but he applied himself meanwhile to study of any classicism Monsieur Naudy produced and that not only with the intensity he brought to any study, but with passion. No doubt this helped the future clarity and meticulous expression of his ideas and so partly formed his style, but futhermore it formed Péguy himself. It

* (English Translation) PÈGUY AND THE CAHIERS DE LA QUINZAINE, by Ruth Bethell. Dennis Dobson, London, 1946.

has been said that the "root" ideas of a genius are few from the very fact of their value and their fertility; that they may develop indefinitely is obvious but, equally, they revert most tenaciously to not-numerous basic conceptions. One of Péguy's roots was clearly in the great culture of the golden ages of Greece; the morning stars singing together in that miraculous dawn, above all in tragic chorus, so appealed to fundamentals in him that we may wonder with him what he might have become but for Monsieur Naudy. Twelve years after the event he was to write in *Les Suppliants* the story of the night when from the balcony of the *Théâtre Français* he saw with fellow students the Oedipus of Sophocles and had his initiation into tragedy on the grand scale. Oedipus opened out a whole philosophy, that of the dignity of indignity, of "supplication", the germs of which had certainly been in Péguy from Cour Rose days when he begged in season and out. True that supplication in Oedipus was in the grand manner and not for a few coins here and there to serve a cause—the principle was the same, and Péguy thenceforth held as firmly as any Moslem follower of the Prophet that a beggar not only has a right to beg but is *honoured* by the act.

After eight years of secondary school Péguy left Orleans for Paris and a scholarship at Lakanal, cradle of so many great reputations, but it was probably there, says Daniel Halévy, that "the inflexible temper of his character first appeared. Bursars are usually docile fellows and the bursar Péguy rode his high horse". As the scholarship was then, not unnaturally, withdrawn he immediately joined up for his year's Military Service; when it was over he went back to school. This time it was to Sainte-Barbe the famous *grande école* in the shadow of the Sorbonne where, in the narrow climbing streets the air is thick with traditions of the history and learning of a thousand years: there the Tower of Clovis, the Collége de France, Louis le Grand and other seats of wisdom crowd out the hill-top of St. Genevieve.

The year at Sainte-Barbe has been immortalized by the Tharaud Brothers in *Notre Cher Péguy*; it is, says Halévy, like reading a page torn from a golden legend.

"*Péguy c'est ma jeunesse!*" Thus opens the testament of friendship in the courtyard baptized into fame as the Cour Rose. "It is certainly there in that *rose de bonbon fondant* that Péguy tumbled one day into our little group studying for the Ecole Normale."

It is worth investigating this "golden" year not only as the happiest, perhaps the only happy, time of Péguy's life, but as one from which his whole destiny—"temporal destiny" he would have inserted—took its course to the still distant Marne.

PÉGUY'S reputation had gone before him to Sainte-Barbe. "His arrival was a rare event," says Halévy. One who was not of the group but recalled somewhat ruefully Péguy's begging for his causes wrote, too, "I must admit" (then and later), "he was the one subject of conversation," a rare enough state of affairs amongst students, one imagines.But Péguy, besides being himself, had the aura of virility, of having seen life, and army life at that. He was also a Socialist, or communist, but much more like, say the Tharaud's brothers, St. Francis than Karl Marx.

Péguy had loved the army, its equality, its pawky French spirit, its discipline; he who had no sort of grossness of mind even liked its robust grossness, its "salted" marching-songs going off harmlessly on the wind. It had taught him, all about glory, *La Gloire* . . . all this was imparted to the Cour Rose group, the élite that, day in day out, at every recess marched (in step, military fashion, of course) up and down with Péguy as pilot. All the wit, wisdom and not too much of the folly of youth was aired there, but the spirit of it Péguy directed. "Without much exterior grace, he possessed that gift mysterious as genius or as beauty: prestige . . . at once he dominated us by character, decision, that moral force difficult to express . . . to the full he exercised the first of his gifts: the grouping

of men, the acting on them, or more exactly the imagining life with them . . . before launching out to the conquest of the world." They were to effect nothing less! The world had degenerated, those who walked with him, discussing, contradicting at their peril, were to set the world right again, launch its ideal society. If they were *great*—greatness being his watchword then and always—they could mould the world, nothing less was the measure of his dreams and to it he gave his entire time, his chance of any well-being and finally his life, for in "greatness" he included the ideal of glory, and to die for France was the supreme glory of her sons.

The group did not undeceive him as to their qualifications, "the fabulous portraits he drew of us were not contradicated," says Tharaud; if he did not make of them "the heroes and the geniuses of which he dreamed, he created in his friends the illusion that they could do something. All we who paced with him the Cour Rose, we are marked with a sign by which we know each other". The world too might have known them for, in spite of the Tharaud's modesty, there must have been something remarkable in the group for each member was destined for distinction in his own line. The one exception was the friend whom Péguy, characteristically, most took to his heart, the "brilliant" but too vague and gentle Marcel Baudouin. Péguy married his sister, not for love or fortune, but simply because he took into his head that Marcel—who died in barracks during his year's service—had been there ill-treated. It was not the case, but Marcel was dead, his sister had lost a protector and she was (Péguy wrongly supposed) penniless, so he married her.

PÉGUY'S idealism might seem to be airborne on wings of fancy, but it had in reality solid roots. He quite truly despised money for himself but he needed it for the renovation of society and the paper with which he was to effect it and he carried his Cour Rose habits into later life and never spared himself or other; till he died he had to be a beggar.

Meanwhile he was married. He left Sainte-Barbe, risking his degree and future security. His wife, after all, had a small dowry, she agreed it should be invested in a bookshop, the "house on the corner"—a shop that looked two ways at once could not fail in its redemptive mission. The group was summoned, they swept, dusted, sorted the books. But business under Péguy could not be expected to thrive, the shop was always crowded out, but not with customers; in vain it published Péguy, "The little Tharaud," Bergson, Anatole France, all the beginners even Jaurés (20,000 copies . . .) the shop had to go. Lucien Herr, friend and librarian of Sainte-Barbe, planned a new Publishing Society with five trustees (one of them M. Léon Blum) and Péguy as a kind of manager which scarely showed business acumen on M. Herr's part. When Léon Blum's "icy monocle" focused his disapproval while even M. Herr told Péguy he was no better than an anarchist, Péguy saw the Five as blacksliders and oppressors of the people and left them. Before that had occurred, however, one of the major events in the life of Charles Péguy—the Dreyfus affair, *L'Affaire*, had burst upon France. It was the test—of his theories, of "greatness" and "glory"; the question tore at his heart—would he and the others have courage to see the thing through, to renounce thereby, as he put it, not only the peace of the city, of citizenship, but "the peace of the family, of the household. But peace of heart . . . the courage to enter into, for this man, a kingdom of incurable disquiet". For the question for the other side, those who would finally condemn or acquit Dreyfus, was not, Péguy believed, that of a Jew's innocence or guilt but of not risking for his cause, or even that of justice itself, the safety of a whole people, the "temporal safety" he underlined. "Everything was against us," he continued, "wisdom and law, I mean human wisdom. A people, a whole people is an enormous assemblage of interests, of the most legitimate

rights . . . one does not lose a city" (by which he always meant the nation) "for one only citizen." Against this terrific hazard—that of revolution which in France is never a remote contingency if popular feeling is sufficiently stirred — Péguy set the standard of French honour; to compromise with injustice and recondemn Dreyfus, the most hated man in France, would be to lose the soul of France. "A single dishonour is enough to lose the soul of a whole people." Small wonder that in the late war Frenchmen asked themselves with anguish what Péguy would have thought of the minority of their countrymen who then ruled France.

PÉGUY'S literary style is built upon elaboration, a thrusting home his point, a forcing it upon the readers inner sense by quite endless repetition; at all times this might irritate readers—Raissa Maritain, is said to have refrained with difficulty from throwing one his Cahiers out of the window of her train. In the *Affaire Dreyfus* he spared neither his readers nor himself, it would be a task, indeed, to compute the number of pages he flung at the public in defiant defence of the Jew whom they hated with a virulence now hard to understand. He did more than write, he "took to the streets" in the immemorial manner of his countrymen when sufficiently irate. Grasping the thick stick that had done battle in the Sorbonne corridors, he led "the others" to the charge in the most unpopular of causes, "I concede that I was ruined (in what is temporal)" he wrote in *Notre Jeunesse*, "but . . . we carried high our heads, infinitely filled, infinitely inflated with military virtue". Dreyfus was once more condemned by the Military Tribunal, parliament set him free; to Péguy it was unspeakably bitter that Dreyfus accepted this "grace"—he actually expected the poor man to return, although freed, to Devil's Island. . . .

The military virtue of which Péguy boasted was a part of "glory", an integral part, too, of the love of France which was at least as uncompromising in Charles Péguy as his other sentiments; it was one he took no pains to conceal, he quite simply and naturally believed France to be peerless and if he was not too well qualified to compare her with other countries that did not matter. He never left the soil of France and never wanted to, it is doubtful if he even ever wanted to leave the part of France he knew, like Chesterton he believed in the infinite variety of "one single street" as Péguy's tautology would have put it. He took the road in any at all extended sense but once, and that only, when urged by one of his deep-planted "roots", he went as far as Orange in Provence to see with his own eyes the Greek theatre where, doubtless, Oedipus had been given by Greek actors in the Golden Age. Still a pagan, Péguy already loved the very Saints of France, Saint Genevieve with particular affection for, against historic evidence, he believed her to have been very poor, and of course St. Joan of Arc. One may perhaps irreverently wonder if even she would have been for him quite the wonder he celebrates, or even whether her sanctity would have shone for him with quite so splendid a lustre, had she not been French and, indeed, from his own Orléanais! Naturally he would praise France in his poems as well as in prose, but in prose, at any rate, it must be admitted, with incomparably honesty; if he adored France and believed with all his powers that God indeed, loved the Franks, he recognized the frailities of the Franks and never tricks France out in fancy colours or mere sentiment, he had not our later rather poor fear of the word sentiment, or the thing itself, but softness was not in his make-up. He might esteem and write proudly of the French generations of the past as "rare in the history of the world . . . unique, eminent, that they all had a price temporarily infinite", but with modern France, or rather, with the France of the moderns of his day, he dealt in his Cahiers in no light-handed manner. He was, too, far from flattering to his limited public or the subscribers on whom his living depended, he quite frankly told the latter that for them he had rowed for fifteen

years in a slave's galley. Of whatever else in them oppressed or exacerbated his never very passive mind, they were forcibly told—if he suffered much from *les abonnés* they suffered too and with surprising magnanimity put up with it. There was that in the Cahiers and in their editor himself which kept the subscribers in being, nowhere and from no one else in Paris would they get the newness, the stimulant, the constant *shock* of his ideas; he attracted, too, to the Cahiers, or had pressed upon him, the remarkable work of many remarkable new writers. The bookshop from which all this emanated, not that "on the corner" which from its double-facing advantage was to redeem humanity, but a rather sombre little place, No. 8, Rue de la Sorbonne, bears to-day a commemorative plaque:

Charles Péguy
1873-1914
installed and directed his
Cahiers de la Quinzaine
1900-1914

IT was subsequently a restaurant ironically enough called *The Green Parrot*, and nothing of its past significance haunts the single room from which Péguy challenged the world, the one behind that he owned, of the square-yard of space at the entrance that, "by a stroke of genius," says Tharaud, he let off to a humble enterprise of the Quartier.

The Cahiers took eighteen months to establish "a certain reputation", they attained it in spite of the incensed Five who had frankly told Péguy that, as an anarchist, they would do everything they could to oppose him, and did so.

Life then became and remained for Péguy sheer drudgery, a personal hunt for and pursuit of subscribers, a collecting of their varying and often overdue fees; some subscribed what they could, others the full and modest total, others nothing at all, the one and costly *necessity* to Péguy was the promulgation of truth; the newspaper of Cour Rose aspirations had had to be abandoned to Jaurés who had money; what he founded, was alas! for Péguy's dreams, the *Humanité* that to-day imperils the safety of French reconstruction.

THE hunt for new subscribers was imperative, the one thousand "permanents" on the books could neither provide Péguy's family with a living or even himself with funds for his life's work, so on three days a week he abandoned his desk to tramp Paris, mount staircases or descend into basements, he was as poor as an editor and publisher as he had been in the Cour Rose—and as dauntless a beggar. Now, as then, he had, he considered, good value to offer, in the old days some cause, some kindness, to offset the sum he begged; now he offered the best stuff of some of the best brains in France (by which he meant Europe)—and then, out of mere gratitude and disinterestedness, a Memoire by the quite unknown M. Naudy, the schoolmaster to whom he owed Sophocles, the Greek theatre at Orange and half such happiness as he was ever to know.

Péguy's care for his Cahiers extended to their printing, it had to be perfect; he was himself, apparently, a master typographer and compositor, and his tramping included constant calls at the printers and long stances among the presses. He had, besides, his home life and children at some distance from Paris, so that the sum of his writings, in the slanting, exquisite lettering, as perfect as the Cahiers' printing seems to us almost miraculous.

Péguy's turning back to faith and Catholicism, impartially and faithfully dealt with will be found, with very much else, in Daniel Halévy's record of Péguy's life and of their friendship and of Péguy's death. An *Addenda* states that the chapter *Towards Belief* is incomplete and will have to be rewritten, but the main facts are there, the working of Péguy's mind in its long travail, and at the travail's end; something, too, of its anguish. Of his death it may be said that it repaired his life, he would have chosen no other.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE REVIVAL

By SYDNEY J. MAIDEN

THE normal and inevitable incidence of a centenary has focused attention on a group of painters who have for many years been the object of little more than mild amusement to the *cognoscenti*. The wheel has indeed come full circle. Few of us can honestly say that we have until recently wasted much time or respect on the Pre-Raphaelites. The Centenary Exhibition at the Tate Gallery has obliged writers and painters, as well as laymen, to think again. The way for this was prepared by Mr. William Gaunt's lively and sympathetic studies, *The Pre-Raphaelite Dream* and *The Æsthetic Adventure*.

The personalities and aims of the original Brotherhood are now fairly common knowledge. It is admitted that Ruskin's shrewd pontifications did much to spread their gospel and to popularize the work which the young and ardent geniuses offered to a complacent but highly suggestible Victorian public. In their lifetime Rossetti, Millais and Holman Hunt achieved fair if varying degrees of material success although the Brotherhood was short-lived and its members soon off on their respective ways. Only Hunt remained completely faithful to the original aims and he combined religious fervour with a sound business sense. The decline in public interest came later when a large number of canvases by the original members and their off-shoots were duly hanging, hideously framed, in public galleries throughout Britain. Here they were tolerantly but casually inspected by visitors who were avid for something new. This was not unusual. Popular taste in Art, as in Literature and Politics, is notoriously subject to violent fluctuations. There were no champions with the literary lung-power to take up and blow the trumpet which Ruskin had finally laid aside. The shrill pipings of minor prophets were proclaiming the wares of Paris. Pre-Raphaelite stock was down and, apparently, out.

AND now, because of the passage of one hundred years, the limelight is switched on again and in the fierce glare we can examine our artistic consciences while we re-inspect the work of men long since dust. It is possible now to pay more attention to the paintings which the Pre-Raphaelites produced, to endeavour to assess their value as works of art and to regard as of secondary interest the declared aims of the painters as set forth in their manifestos and self-imposed rules. The revolt against the materialism of the age in which they lived, their scorn for the trivialities of the Royal Academicians and their evangelistic aims, were part of their purpose. It is probably true that they wanted to paint worthily and well and that in their youthful eagerness they endowed their movement with fine and high-sounding intentions. To say this is not to question their sincerity for never in the history of art has a group of painters been more sincere. The early dissolution of the Brotherhood and the divergent paths the members travelled seem to support the contention that they were primarily young men who required some degree of association to set them off. This has happened before and since 1848. Once launched they soon found independent enterprise to be more to their liking.

How have their pictures "worn"? That is a question which most thoughtful visitors to the recent Centenary Exhibition asked themselves. With some reservations I would say that they have "worn" uncommonly well. It was to one spectator a highly interesting collection, well worth the trouble which the

Trustees of the Tate Gallery have obviously taken. To my way of thinking one painter stood out well above his fellows. He is Madox Brown, not one of the original members and never, in the full sense of the term, a Pre-Raphaelite although he soon came to be closely indentified with the movement. I regard his pictures *Work* and *The Last of England* as the two most impressive of the exhibits. The first, although it had a variety of incidental sources of inspiration, satirical and sociological, is primarily a powerful and stimulating design. It contains distinguished draughtsmanship and masterly painting and its effect is æsthetically satisfying. The second, the circular composition showing two emigrants leaving England, is a most moving picture. The pathos of the captured scene is admirably restrained and the treatment appropriately unsentimental. The least lapse from this would have been painfully bathotic.

AFTER Brown I would place Millais by virtue of one at least of his pictures; *The Blind Girl* might easily have become, as did so many of this artist's later and highly profitable works, a mere essay in pictorial pathos. It is, in fact, a picture in which the artist's intensity of feeling is immediately conveyed to the spectator. The tragedy of blindness is easily appreciable and a statement of it can as easily be commonplace and trite. In Millais' painting the elements are judiciously selected and beautifully conveyed. It is dramatic without being theatrical and the simple loveliness of the exquisitely painted landscape heightens the plight of the afflicted girl, unaware of the sight of the rainbow in the stormy sky and of the grasses which her sensitive fingers touch. The same artist's *Ophelia* is a *tour de force* but, in spite of the brilliant painting of the floating body and the amazingly observed foliage, it is not to my mind the result of an artist's experience. It arouses the suspicion that it was a "stunning notion" for a picture, arrived at after much hard searching for a subject. Before leaving Millais I would refer to a painting by him which forms the fontispiece to the admirable Phaidon Press publication, *The Pre-Raphaelite Painters*. It is entitled *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*. It is an excellent reproduction in colour of the picture in the possession of The Ashmolean, Oxford. Millais painted it in 1850, when he was twenty-one years old. It is an astonishingly mature piece of work and shows the young painter's mastery of the medium. It is not extravagant, I hold, to compare this painting with those of Vermeer of Delft. Oxford is fortunate to possess this example of an English painter who never lost his superb technical skill although he allowed popular success to undermine his artistic integrity.

I have chosen those pictures for mention which excited me most on this re-viewing. There were others, many of them, on which I would gladly dwell for my own, if not my reader's enjoyment. I have said nothing of Arthur Hughes, Holman Hunt, Henry Wallis and other minor masters. All these painters had something to say and, in their different ways, said it well. Only one painter left me with a sense of disappointment. Rossetti's work makes the least appeal of all. I can find interest neither in his misty allegories nor his "stunners". I prefer his poetry.

IN this present age of doubt and confusion, painting wanders in a fog of uncertain purpose. It is fashionable to scoff at the "literary" painting. In a desperate endeavour to avoid it some painters concentrate on what is curiously called "the abstract". The results, often expensively framed and solemnly displayed, are a source of inspiration to rug-makers. Others, forlorn and dispirited, strive to knock away the last precarious props of civilized culture by a denial of traditional values. It may be that we shall see a return to the sort of integrity and fire which one hundred years ago led a few young men to devote themselves with high purpose to the art of painting.

THE CAMPDEN WONDER

By KENNETH HARE

IT was the August of 1660, and the country-folk everywhere about the old market-town of Chipping Campden—built by the cloth merchants of an earlier age in their honey-coloured Cotswold stone—were out in the fields harvesting. Mr. William Harrison of "The Court" is one of this small town's more reputable citizens. Married, and with a son Edward and other children, he is steward to the local great lady the Viscountess Campden, and in this capacity collects her rents. He is seventy, a relatively older age then than now, but he carries his years well. He has enjoyed his post for forty years past, with a reputation for sobriety and reliability.

Nothing had befallen him during this long period to ruffle his tranquillity, except for one untoward event of the previous year. A burglar had placed a ladder against the wall of the house, climbed to the window of the office where he kept his money and made up his books, and wrenching away the bars with a ploughshare, which he left behind on the floor, had made off with a hundred and forty pounds. The thief who was never traced, had displayed the utmost audacity, for the hour chosen for the robbery was between eleven and twelve o'clock of the morning, and market-day at that!

What had made the whole business more disquieting was the suggestion of collusion between the robber and some person or persons indoors. For the moment when the crime had been committed had been too well chosen to suggest mere chance. The whole family were away at church, attending one of those *lectures*, or blunt informal sermons, in which puritan preachers made a virtue of avoiding the Anglican stateliness of style, to which indeed they would have found it difficult to attain. The house-breaker had known where in the garden to find the ladder, and where to set it up, for he had climbed directly to the room where the money was kept. But no further outrage had occurred, and the family were beginning with relief, to look upon the affair as belonging to ancient history.

The steward spent this sunny August afternoon in strolling the two miles to Cherringworth village where rents were owing. As he had not returned by supper-time, his wife sent that surly fellow their man John Perry, to meet her husband on the road and bring him home. But as neither master nor man had returned by daybreak, Edward, the son, set out himself to discover what was amiss. He had almost reached Cherringworth when he met Perry coming home. But Perry had nothing to report, so the pair continued their investigations together. At Ebrington village—halfway between Chipping Campden and Cherringworth—one Daniel told them that Mr. Harrison had called at his house on the previous day but had only stayed a moment. At Paxton, some half a mile away, not a soul had seen him. Completely baffled, the searchers returned to Ebrington, but on this second visit some villagers volunteered the information that a poor woman had picked up "a comb, a hat and a hat-band".

"Where is she?"

"There, look, gleaning!"

She made no difficulty about showing her find, and both men immediately recognized these objects as having belonged to Edward's father. The comb and hat had been hacked. The hat-band was bloody!

"Where did you find these things?"

She took the two men to "Ebrington gorses," where for a considerable distance the highway was skirted by an extensive thicket of bright blossoming furze. If there had been an ambush, the locality could hardly have

been better chosen. Here was cover and to spare to hide a lurking thief! So the searchers returned home, Edward with only these ghastly relics to show his mother! As soon as the nature of the discovery became known, all business was abandoned at Chipping Campden. "Men, women and children hastened thence in multitudes to search for Mr. Harrison's supposed dead body." They sought the day through but found nothing.

Mrs. Harrison suspected Perry and reported her suspicions to a Justice of the Peace. Perry's account of his movements up to the time when he met his young master was reasonably coherent. "He had gone," he declared, "only part of the road to Cherringworth," on the night when Mr. Harrison had disappeared. Then he had met a friend, one William Reed. Darkness falling, Perry had been afraid to go on, so Reed had accompanied him back to the gates of the "Court", and once there had left him. Soon after this meeting, Perry had fallen in with another acquaintance, a man named Pierce. Together they had gone "about a bowshot into the fields". After this travesty of searching, Pierce had left Perry as Reed had done.

"And then?"

"I lay an hour in my master's hen-roost without sleeping."

When he had heard midnight strike, John Perry declared, he had got up again and walked towards Cherringworth. But then a thick mist rose. "I lost my way, and lay the rest of the night under a hedge." At daybreak on the Friday morning—Mr. Harrison having disappeared on the Thursday—Perry had, in fact, gone at last to Cherringworth! Here he had enquired of a man named Plaisterer if the latter had seen his master? Plaisterer had replied: "Yes, Mr. Harrison had called at his house the day before, and had had from him, Plaisterer, the rent of twenty-three pounds which was owing."

PERRY next called at the house of one William Curtis, where he was told that Mr. Harrison had been there, but that he, Curtis, had not seen him, having been away from home at the time. After these encounters with Reed, Pierce, Plaisterer and Curtis, Perry had met his young master, Edward Harrison, as has been told. Reed and the others were sent for, and each individually bore out the truth of Perry's statement concerning him.

"How," the Justice asked Perry, "when you were afraid to go to Cherringworth at nine, did you become so bold as to go thither at twelve?"

"At nine of the clock it was dark, but at twelve the moon shone."

"Why, as you returned home to William Harrison's, did you not go into the house to know whether your master was returned?"

"I saw light in his chamber window, which never used to be there so late when he was at home."

There was nothing inherently impossible in all this, and much of it had now been confirmed by the independent testimony of the men with whom Perry claimed to have spoken. But his bearing was dogged and surly, and the whole cast of his features was of such a kind as to impress the Justice, as it previously had Mrs. Harrison, with a strong suspicion of his guilt. So, pending any further developments, John was detained six days in custody, now at an inn and now in the common prison. He incriminated himself badly. When pressed to confess what he knew of his master's death, he declared first that "a tinker killed him", next that "a gentleman's servant of the neighbourhood robbed and murdered him". And further: "He was murdered and hid in a bean-rick in Campden." Perry's description was specific. The bean-rick was searched. But no body was found. And now after these lying and self-contradictory statements Perry himself asks to see the Justice. He tells the jailer, "I will discover to him what I will not discover to anybody else!"

He is re-interrogated accordingly.

"Will you yet confess what has become of your master?"

"He was murdered, but not by me."

"If you know him to be murdered, you know likewise by whom he was?"

"It was my mother and my brother that murdered my master."

"John Perry, if you are guilty, do not draw more innocent blood upon your head, for what you now charge your mother and brother with may cost them their lives."

"I speak nothing but the truth, and if I were immediately to die, I would justify (maintain) it."

"My mother and brother were for ever at me to give them notice when William Harrison went to receive his lady's rents, for then they would waylay and rob him. On Thursday morning William Harrison went to Cherrington (Cherringworth). I was going an errand myself and I met my brother in the street and told him where my master was going, and that if he waylaid him he might have his money. In the evening I met him (the brother) again, and following my brother, about the middle of the Conygree (rabbit-warren), a ground of my lady Campden's found my master on the ground my brother upon him, and my mother standing by."

"Was your master then dead?"

"No; because after I came to them, my master cried, 'Ah, rogues! will you kill me?' At which I told my brother, 'I hope you will not kill my master!' My brother replied: 'Peace, peace, you are a fool!' and so strangled him; which having done, he took a bag of money out of his pocket and threw it into his mother's lap: and then I and my brother carried my master's dead body into the garden adjoining the Conygree, where we consulted what to do with it, and at length agreed to throw it into the great Sink (a deep pool) by Wallington's Mill behind the garden. But my mother and brother bade me go to the 'Court' to hearken whether anyone were stirring, and they would throw the body into the Sink."

"Is it there?"

"I left it in the garden. If it be not there, I know not where it is. . . . I took the hatband and comb and gave them three or four cuts with a knife. I threw them into the highway where they were found."

"Why did you so?"

"That it might be believed that my master had been robbed and murdered. Afterwards I went to Cherrington (Cherringworth)." Of that journey, when he met with young Edward Harrison, the particulars have been told. After this not only unforced but even unsolicited confession and accusation—for it was Perry himself who sought to see the Justice for the purpose of making this statement—order was given for the apprehension of Joan, a widow, and Richard Perry, the accuser's mother and brother; also for the dragging of the "Sink" and—should this fail to disclose the body—then of every other fish-pool in the neighbourhood. All this was done; but still no body was brought to light.

The Justice acquainted Joan and Richard with the charge, and brought them face to face with their accuser. They "denied all, with many imprecations on themselves if they were in the least guilty of anything of which they were accused". But with the utmost constancy John reaffirmed the charge to their faces.

"You *did* murder my master. You *were* for ever at me to help you to money. You *did* tell me I might do so by telling you when my master went to receive his lady's rents!"

John's mother flew out at this.

"You are a villain to accuse us wrongfully as you have done!"

Perry remained unmoved.

"I have spoken nothing but the truth, and I will justify it to my death!"

WHILST the three prisoners were being escorted back from the Justice of the Peace's country house, where this preliminary enquiry had taken place, to prison at Chipping Campden, a curious thing happened. John was walking a good distance ahead. Richard, who was following, drew a piece of cloth from his pocket and in so

doing accidentally dropped a ball of inkle: a species of stout tape which then served for such different purposes as apron-strings and shoe-ties.

Richard's guard stooped to pick it up.

"Give it me", said Richard; "it's only my wife's hair-lace".

But instead the guard unrolled the ball and discovered in it—damning evidence!—a *slip-knot*! He took it ahead to John, who had not seen it dropped.

"Do you know this?"

John nodded his head as though in the utmost agony of mind.

"Yea, to my sorrow", he cried, "that is the string my brother strangled my master with!"

For all three prisoners that journey was ominous. As they were passing Richard's house, out ran his two little children to meet their father. Richard lifted up the baby and held it in his arm. He led the other by the hand. And suddenly both children's noses began to bleed: an event invariably interpreted by the humbler class of folk, whether in town or country, as presaging death.

How came John Perry to harbour such rancour against his mother and brother? There is so much inbreeding in country places that it is at least reasonable to assume that he was mentally unhinged. Indeed, the following fact would seem to prove it. A very few weeks before Mr. Harrison's disappearance, one evening by owl-light, John had suddenly burst out with a most hideous caterwauling so that everybody within earshot came rushing to the spot. Who had been injured? And by whom? They saw the surly clown running like a thing possessed.

"I have been set upon," he gasped, "by two men in white with naked swords! I defended myself with my sheep-pick!"

No assailants were visible, but in proof of his assertion Perry flourished his pitchfork, showed them its handle cut in several places and also a large key heavily notched. He shouted: "This was done by their swords!"

Now, the first thing that strikes one about this fantasia is that white is an odd colour to choose, at any period of history, for wear in a quiet provincial town. At Court, perhaps, upon some gala occasion, a frockcoat of white silk or satin might do well; but hardly of an evening at harvest-time in workaday Chipping Campden. And who would choose to wear white when carrying out an armed attack? What colour could make one more conspicuous?

Later Perry confessed.

"I was lying", he said, simply.

Critics of that Shakespearean scene where Sir John Falstaff shows the Prince the sword and dagger which he himself has hacked, have asked whether such a trick could be played in real life? Yet this is precisely what we find John Perry doing! He invents enemies—for "men in buckram", "men in white"—hacks his crude weapons, and displays them as proof that what he has asserted is true. Nature is at her old trick of holding the mirror up to Shakespeare, and John Perry plays Falstaff without ever having heard of him!

In prison John continues his vendetta.

"I dare not eat," he complains, "with my mother and brother. They are attempting to poison me!"

THE case came up at the September Assizes of the year 1660, before that humane judge Sir Christopher Turner. Perry was questioned as to the robbery of the hundred and forty pounds in gold when Mr. Harrison's window-bars were wrenched away by the ploughshare.

"Did you do it?"

"It was my brother. I was then in church, but I gave him notice of the money and told him in which room it was, and where he might have a ladder that would reach the window. And my brother afterwards told me he had the money and had buried it in his garden, and that we were, at Michaelmas next, to divide it."

Joan and Richard broke into protestations and denied the charge, but some meddlers

who sat behind them urged them to cut proceedings short by pleading a formal "Guilty," inasmuch as they were protected by the Act of Indemnity which had recently in this same year received the Royal Assent. For want of better advice they did so. As regards the murder, since no body had as yet been discovered, Sir Christopher refused to pass sentence and dismissed the case. But Richard's garden was dug up for the money. However, as with the "Sink" and the bean-rick of John Perry's dreams, nothing was found! The family were presumably kept in some sort of preventive detention, for their case came up again before Sir B. Hyde—Christian name uncertain—at the Spring Assizes of 1661, when John gave the lie direct to all that he had previously laid to the charge of the other two.

"I was then mad, and knew not what I said!"

But the minute particularity which had characterized his narration throughout precluded the possibility of this eleventh-hour recantation being taken seriously. The tenor of Joan and Richard's replies was what it had always been.

"We are wholly innocent of what we are accused. We know nothing of Mr. Harrison's death, nor what is become of him!"

Richard added:

"My brother has accused others as well as me to have murdered his master!"

Richard had made an important point. John, one remembers, had at first declared a "tinker" guilty, and later "a gentleman's servant of the neighbourhood". But this the Judge had no means of knowing. He said therefore, very reasonably:

"Prove that your brother has accused others beside your mother and yourself."

"Most of those who have given evidence against us know it," and Richard looked everywhere about the court seeking a friend. Nobody spoke up. Rustics are so inarticulate! Or perhaps the town of Chipping Campden bore the poor wretch some grudge of which we know nothing. No syllable was uttered. Dead silence reigned. The Jury retired, and on their return, brought in their verdict.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my lord!"

To make an example of him Edward Harrison procured that John Perry should be hanged in chains. Furthermore, that the trio should be conveyed from that place to Broadway Hill to suffer within view of the scene of their crime. The mother was turned off first, for some at least of those present believed her to be a witch and were determined she should not, by the exercise of that power which we to-day call telepathy, dissuade her sons from making last minute confessions. It was now Richard's turn. As he mounted the ladder, he turned whilst yet standing upon it to make this final appeal.

"I am wholly innocent of the fact for which I am now to die, and I know nothing of Mr. Harrison's death, nor what is become of him, and I do, with great earnestness, beg and beseech my brother—for the satisfaction of the whole world and his own conscience—to declare what he knows concerning him."

Surly to the last, John answered: "I am not bound to confess to you".

With this Richard was turned off. John's last words were enigmatic:

"I know nothing of my master's death . . . but you may hereafter possibly hear."

The hangman removed the ladder, and the three were left dangling. Edward had taken up his stand at the gibbet's very foot. He remained at his grisly post until the last of the mob were dispersing.

Nearly two years later Mr. Harrison *came back!* There was no question of his having absconded. He had left a considerable sum of the Viscountess's money in his office which, had he been a rogue, he might as easily have taken with him. But his account of what had happened to him in his absence found few believers. He wrote a lengthy letter of his adventures to his friend Sir Thomas Overbury, who published it. It concludes with fervent thanks to the Creator for rescuing him

from dangers he had never undergone. How shall we reconcile his piety with his duplicity? He was a Puritan.

Briefly his tale was, as he was passing through "Ebrington Gorses" he had been set upon by a horseman who crying, "*Are you there?*" had threatened to ride him down. He struck the horse's nose with his cane, receiving for his pains a sword-thrust in the ribs! A second rider galloping up, closed with him and pierced him in the thigh. A third arriving upon the heels of the other two, flung a cloak over his head and manacled his wrists with something which had a spring-lock to it.

Concealing themselves in various lurking-places where, though nobody dressed his wounds, they kept him going with broth and brandy, the party reached Deal where he was embarked upon a ship, which cruised idly for six weeks. He was then bought by a Turkish captain—now for bathos!—for *seven pounds*! In Syria, where they set him down, Mr. Harrison was purchased by a Turk physician eighty-seven years of age. This singular oriental was well acquainted with England and cherished a particular affection for Crowland in Lincolnshire: why we are not told; perhaps an early love affair! On his death-bed the venerable anglophile gave his slave a parcel-gilt goblet, which the latter traded to a Portuguese sailor who smuggled him over to Lisbon, "hidden beneath boards, low down by the keel". Here the very first person he encountered—how convenient!—was an Englishman, who gave him money. Harrison embarked for Dover and journeyed thence to London, where, borrowing so much as he judged necessary for his expenses on the road, he came home again at last to Chipping Campden. Such was his tale.

One can almost hear the gossips!

"Be there slavers in Glaacestershire, then? This be th' virst ever I heard tell on't! Miles on miles vrom th' zea!" (She goes on rumbling.)

The second old woman is slightly deaf.

"Eh? Dŏ'ee zay now! Zold 'un vor *zeven pounds*? Doan't 'ee believe a word on't! *That* wouldn't have covered th' cost o' conveying he to Deal! (sarcastically). Were they carrying he away vor *charity*?"

"And what would they be troubling their heads at all vor about a weak old man? He with th' rheumatics an' all, as I hear tell. He'll never zee zeventy again; that's a sure thing! If they'd wanted a strong man vor a slave, why didn't they take Willum Blacksmith? *He* might ha' been o' zome use to they heathen Turks."

A cynic, this time from the edge of the group:

"And why did they cheapen their own merchandise by running swords into a gentleman they intended to sell?"

And at the Vicarage:

"My dear—?"

The Vicar pauses in packing his churchwarden. "Yes, Laura?"

"You don't think young Edward could have had anything to do with old Mr. Harrison's disappearance? You know he stood to gain by it. He obtained his father's stewardship soon afterwards, and it seems gave very little satisfaction in it."

"I will not deny, Laura, that the idea *has* crossed my mind. But nothing will persuade me that even if young Edward were such an abandoned wretch as to be capable of hiring ruffians to abduct his own father, he would have withheld the one word which would have saved three perfectly innocent persons from the gallows. And then, if Edward had all this on his conscience, would he have procured that Perry should be hanged in chains on Broadway, where he would see the body every day of his life as a perpetual reminder of his guilt? No, my dear, depend upon it, Edward is innocent. Men will wade through blood to a throne, but not to what is much more desirable, an assured income and a commodious country house."

But upon this at least gentry and peasantry concurred: the old man *had* been abducted.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

THE MEN OF YALTA

THE second volume of Mr. Robert Sherwood's "The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins"* provides the best and most authentic account so far available of the transactions between Russia and the Western Powers during the war. Many other matters are, of course, dealt with, but this is the one which, at this time, has the greatest interest and importance. Hopkins's first visit to the Kremlin was in August 1941, soon after the Nazi invasion of Russia. He admired Stalin's courage and resolution, and decided then and there that all possible material help must be furnished to the Russians to sustain their resistance to the Nazi invaders.

There can be no question that this decision was perfectly correct in the light of the war situation when it was taken. It was characteristic, however, of Hopkins's naïve temperament that he should have deduced from the necessity to provide material help to the Soviet Government a moral justification of the Soviet régime as such. There was no possible doubt about the Russians needing help, but, in recognizing this need, Hopkins went further, and thenceforth was always insistent that they deserved it. Partly, of course, it was because he was totally ignorant of the historical background of the Soviet régime, and indeed, of modern Europe. He knew nothing whatever about the Soviet régime and disliked and despised the State Department—the natural quarter for him to look for enlightenment. Up to the outbreak of the war he had taken no interest in foreign affairs, and, in so far as he held any views on the subject, was mildly isolationist. To him, Stalin was not the legatee of a bloody revolution, whose supremacy was based on the systematic murder of all his near associates. Nor was he the cynical dictator who had but lately concluded a pact with the Nazis, thereby deliberately precipitating the war, and subsequently done everything in his power to procure a Nazi victory. There is no evidence that Hopkins recalled, or was reminded, that a recent and honoured visitor in the Kremlin had been Ribbentrop, or that he took any account whatsoever of the long record of Soviet perfidy in international relations. He was prepared to take Stalin on trust, as he would have some Southern Democrat with whom a political deal had to be made. Perhaps more so, because, in the case of the Southern Democrat, he would have been conscious of the cynicism of the arrangement, whereas his faith in Stalin's good intentions was boundless. It seems almost inconceivable, but it is true, that he genuinely believed that the head of a régime which had ruthlessly suppressed every form of human liberty and reinstituted slavery on a gigantic scale would lend its sincere and zealous support to a policy of developing Western representative institutions in the countries liberated from Nazi occupation.

How far Hopkins influenced Roosevelt in this matter, or vice versa, it is difficult to say. Their intimacy was so great that their separate opinions are almost impossible to disentangle. Hopkins spoke with Roosevelt's words and thought with Roosevelt's mind. His whole being was absorbed in Roosevelt from the moment that their partnership began. On his foreign missions he rarely carried any instructions, and rarely reported back in any detail about the discussions he had conducted on Roosevelt's behalf. There was no need for him to do so. He was, in his own words, in the position of a "catalytic agent" acting between the three great war leaders,

* *The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins* Vol. II, January 1942—July 1945. By Robert E. Sherwood. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 25*s*.

[yŏŏ-nēk′]

THAT is not Greek in the dictionary or in Dagenham. The dictionary defines 'Unique' as "Having no like or equal ; unmatched, unparalleled." Ford of Dagenham satisfies this definition. For example, at Dagenham stands the only waterfront in Great Britain devoted entirely to the requirements of the British Motoring Industry. It belongs to Ford ; it is equipped with the largest unloaders in Europe. Ford is the only British motor manufacturing firm with its own blast furnace, its own rolling mill, its own gas works and coke ovens. It is the only firm in the British Motor Industry which augments the national supply of gas and electricity instead of drawing upon it. Its system of Service Facilities is unique in extent, efficiency and economy. All these unique features are designed to make Ford motoring economical to the home motorist and provide a maximum contribution to Great Britain's export drive.

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Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill and Stalin. It was a curious situation for which it is difficult to think of a parallel. Hopkins held no official office, and yet exerted through the war years a greater influence than any other American in the President's entourage. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, often did not know what was going on; other members of the Cabinet were likewise in the dark, but Hopkins kew everything, had access to everything, participated in everything.

It is this circumstance which makes his Papers, brilliantly presented by Mr. Sherwood, so immensely valuable from the point of view of contemporary history. The fact that his own notes were often very sketchily and hastily written does not diminish the light they throw on the events with which they were concerned. He had, as a matter of fact, in his careless way, a remarkable capacity for conveying a scene or a person—as, for instance, his description of his first impressions of Stalin, or of London in the dark days of the blitz. It is, however, true that, but for Mr. Sherwood, his record would have been largely lost to posterity. Mr. Sherwood has put it all together, made a story of it. He has drawn freely, not only on Hopkins's Papers, but on many other confidential documents found with them. His narrative is a masterly piece of contemporary history, which will always be of interest and always provide a valuable source book. It is impossible to exaggerate what he has done for Hopkins's memory. Without ever falsifying the record, or seeking to overlook the faults and inadequacies in his friend, he presents a most vivid and touching picture of him—a sick man, seemingly often on the point of death, travelling restlessly about the world in the middle of a ferocious war, enduring hardships which might have taxed the most robust constitution, impelled by a nervous energy which carried him on from day to day. Indeed, it often seems that activity animated Hopkins; that he was, as it were, a will-o'-the-wisp playing upon the surface of events and having no existence apart from them. One is reminded of Banquo's remark in Macbeth—"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath and these are of them." When no more activity was required of him, his life subsided and then expired.

From our point of view, from the point of view that is to say of Western Europe now, it is impossible not to feel a deep resentment over the naïveté in Hopkins and in Roosevelt which led them to give everything away to the Russians when they could so easily have made conditions and imposed safeguards. Why did they do it? one keeps asking oneself. What were they about? Their gullibility now seems almost incredible—for instance, that Roosevelt should have believed that the Russians would co-operate in setting up "what he called 'Free Ports of Information' established at strategic points around the world so that there would be no area wherein the people could be denied access by totalitarian censorship to the same news that was available to all other people". At Teheran, largely because he was able to call Stalin "Uncle Joe" without any adverse reaction, he became convinced that "Stalin was 'get-at-able' despite his bludgeoning tactics and his attitude of cynicism towards such matters as the rights of small nations; that when Russia could be convinced that her legitimate claims and requirements—such as the right of access to warm water ports—were to be given full recognition, she would prove tractable and co-operative in maintaining the peace of the post-war world". Again, even on Hopkins's last mission to Moscow after Roosevelt's death, when the true purpose of Russian policy in Roumania and Poland had become abundantly clear to everyone, Hopkins still felt reassured when Stalin informed him that "there was no intention on the part of the Soviet Union to interfere in Poland's internal affairs, that Poland would live under the parliamentary system which is like Czechoslovakia, Belgium and Holland, and that any talk of an intention to Sovietize Poland was stupid", and when he "made the categorical statement that he would do everything he

could to promote the unification of China under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek".

Were they just simpletons who were taken in? It is difficult, in view of Roosevelt's astonishing agility in American domestic politics, and Hopkins's not unimpressive performance in the same field, to take such a view. Were they, perhaps, dazzled by Stalin's charm? That again scarcely provides a convincing explanation. What was it then? I think myself that they were both enormously captivated by the sheer power of Stalin and the Soviet dictatorship. Having themselves no political or moral principles, the spectacle of unrestricted power went to their heads, as champagne does to the head of a lapsed Methodist teetotaller. The fact that everything which had happened in the course of the Soviet régime was a direct and absolute denial of those famous self-evident propositions to which the United States is supposed to be dedicated, did not really matter to them. The propositions were only words anyway, but Stalin's power was a tangible reality. In these circumstances, it was pathetically easy for Stalin to take them in. He made all the general undertakings, and they made all the specific concessions; he pulled 100,000,000 Eastern Europeans into the orbit of his power and 400,000,000 Chinese, and gave in return his cordial approval to a lot of jejune platitudes—the Four Freedoms, Atlantic Charter, and other such empty generalizations. It was a highly advantageous exchange from his point of view.

There can be no question, after reading Mr. Sherwood's book, that Roosevelt was vastly flattered to think that his famous charm worked even on the dictator of All the Russias, and that a certain amount of rivalry existed between Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill over Stalin's favours. In this connection, Miss Frances Perkins has quoted a remarkable conversation she had with the President about the Teheran Conference:

> "On my way to the conference room that morning we caught up with Winston and I had just a moment to say to him,

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'Winston, I hope you won't be sore at me for what I am going to do'.

"Winston just shifted his cigar and grunted. I must say he behaved very decently afterwards.

"I began almost as soon as we got into the conference room. I talked privately with Stalin. I didn't say anything that I hadn't said before, but it appeared quite chummy and confidential, enough so that the other Russians joined us to listen. Still no smile.

"Then I said, lifting my hand up to cover a whisper (which, of course, had to be interpreted), 'Winston is cranky this morning, he got up on the wrong side of the bed.'

"A vague smile passed over Stalin's eyes, and I decided I was on the right track . . . I kept it up until Stalin was laughing with me, and it was then that I called him 'Uncle Joe'."

Equally, there can be no doubt that Roosevelt was determined the war should not leave the British Empire strengthened. (Alas, he need not have worried on this score.) When Mr. Eden was in Washington "the President once or twice urged the British to give up Hong Kong as a gesture of 'goodwill'. In fact the President suggested a number of similar gestures on the part of the British, and Eden drily remarked that he hadn't heard the President suggest any similar gestures on our own part". Again, at Yalta, Roosevelt indicated, in the course of a private conversation with Stalin, that he thought Hong Kong should be relinquished by the British Government. Curiously enough, Stalin himself, at Teheran, expressed the view that "Britain had fought well in the war and that he personally favoured increases in the British Empire, particularly in the area around Gibraltar".

Roosevelt sought to ingratiate himself with Stalin by being "progressive", and Mr. Churchill by being "realistic". Neither treatment proved effective. Stalin was not a lover of humanity anxious to be assured that the President of the United States, despite certain appearances to the contrary, was with him heart and soul. Nor was he a rough peasant bandit leader, fond of salty images about stuffing Polish geese with German food. He was quite simply then, as he had been before and is again now, a resourceful enemy looking for means to turn whatever might happen to Russia's and his own advantage.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

THE YOUNG WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Douglas Southall Freeman, 2 vols. YOUNG WASHINGTON, London. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 36*s.*

DR. FREEMAN has buried the hatchet. For the young Washington who is now fully displayed in his magisterial work is neither the prig not the pedant of legend but a singularly arresting young man who challenges attention for himself and not only because of the personal contribution he was later to make to the shaping of the modern world.

These two large volumes cover the first twenty-seven years in the life of the first President of the United States, and with such a subject to his hand the restraint of the author is almost as deserving of praise as is his erudition. He has told his story in great detail but deliberately "as if nothing were known and nothing were certain" about the future of its chief figure.

The result is fascinating, and not least because it contributes to the solution of one of the riddles of history: why it was that this man became the leader, and in part the inspiration, of perhaps the most successful revolutionary movement of modern times. For Washington always lacked many of the qualities which normally permit such an achievement. He was never a fluent speaker; he was slow to kindle enthusiasm; he made friends with difficulty; he had little sense of humour; and his mind was neither quick nor of remarkable originality. Yet this was the man who, in 1775, was made commander of the military forces of Congress with results that to-day need no emphasis.

It was, between 1754 and 1758 that Washington received all the military training which

he possessed when in 1775 he began the armed struggle against England, and the record of these early years when dispassionately viewed gives little indication of what was to come. This young officer suffered disaster at Fort Necessity in 1754, and he shared in Braddock's bloody defeat at the Monongahela in 1755. His relations with his superiors were by no means smooth, and whilst he elicited devotion from his subordinate officers, he failed to arouse any wide enthusiasm from his soldiers whom he subjected to a discipline which if just was often brutal.

On the other hand during these years he acquired much which was later to stand him in good stead. As an independent commander of tireless energy he learnt many of the necessities of colonial warfare, and his character developed rapidly under stress. He was sensitive, greedy of applause, but at the same time austerely devoted to a rigid code of personal conduct wherein he sought a substitute for religion. "The foundations, of that code", writes Dr. Freeman, "were not love and mercy, faith and sacrifice, but honesty and duty, truth and justice, justice exact and inclusive, and justice that never for an instant overlooked his own interests". Above all the young Washington was supremely ambitious, ever seeking to stand out from among his fellows.

Thus does Dr. Freeman leave him at the end of this long and detailed study—a strange compound of contrasted qualities. Cold and reserved he was not unselfish, and even his patriotism was not as yet unqualified. Loved by some and respected by many he was still not lovable or inspiring. But he had a root of authority; and a rigid sense of duty supplied sinews to his ambition. He was a man of mark and he meant to remain so. And thus at twenty-seven, bitterly annealed by experience, and unwontedly mature, he looked forward with grim determination towards a future destiny which even he could then hardly have presaged, and which even to-day is not easily to be explained.

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THE LOST CHART. Neil Gunn. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

DEATH GOES ON SKIS. Nancy Spain. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR, is a picture of England in thirty-five years' time, incorporated into the great totalitarian state of Oceania as a result of the last (third) war. There is an all-powerful Party, including most of the literate population; below this, in a squalor mitigated by state gambling, officially sponsored pornography and an endless plugging of sentimental songs, live the factory workers, the "proles". All the people, except the privileged members of the Party, live in a state of manipulated scarcity (which is called plenty), of perpetual warfare (called peace) subject to the scrutiny of all their actions by an organization of agent provocateurs and torturers (called the Ministry of Love).

The book tells the story of Winston Smith, a clerk in the Records Department and a girl named Julia. Winston is a Party member, dissatisfied because he is sexually frustrated, and because he has childhood memories of the freer past. He feels that there must be an underground resistance movement and he endeavours to find his way into it. The girl Julia is a simple female creature who resents a system which instils sexual repression, and refers to love as "sexcrime". The love story of Winston and Julia is less interesting to the author, and

therefore to us, than the debasement of English into Newspeak, the official Party jargon, or the technique by which even human thought can be controlled. But their attempt to construct that forbidden thing, a private life is moving not only on the conventionally dramatic plane.

Winston and Julia are discovered and disciplined, until they betray each other and cease to love. There is no "underground resistance": it is a myth sponsored by authority to trap dissenters. This unrelieved pessimism undermines our belief in a book in which so many of the details are not only possible but in process of happening. The society without hope dies, not merely intellectually but biologically. Eric Kuhneldt-Leddihn, in his even more prophetic book, *Moscow* 1979, secured his conflict by setting an underground Church against the all powerful State, but Orwell is not a Christian and I have noticed that belief in man does not long survive the decay of the belief in God. His belief that regeneration will come from the submerged "proles" is the one note of sentimentality in a book which should be read by everybody.

MISS STORM JAMESON also deals with our alarming future, with the war that half the world already regards as inevitable. Believing that England cannot be defended, the Government is evacuating to America with a key section of the population, leaving the rest to their fate. To a small airfield in Yorkshire come six selected persons and one child to be picked up by an aeroplane. On the station are two young officers and the wife of one, who is with child. The aeroplane can only take five people. Who shall go? This is a short, tense and admirably proportioned novel. The people interest us more as types than as persons, but I do not believe that the dilemma of civilized man faced with the extinction not only of personal happiness but of the fount from which his values and his strength are drawn, has ever been more lucidly stated.

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Crowded together in the stifling intimacy of a civilian transport, a group of people are returning to India on the eve of self government. Their political doubts and personal problems form the theme of this latest novel by the author of *Ayah, Not at Home* and *Uninvited Guests.* 8*s.* 6*d. net*

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Translated by DAVID MAGARSHACK. These three short stories, *The Amazon, The March Hare* and *A Little Mistake* show well the peculiar impartiality and humorous humanity of Leskov's work. They appear for the first time in an English Translation. 10*s.* 6*d. net*

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IT is pleasant to read a novel about Mexico which does not deal with moronic peons or escapist New Yorkers. *Step Down, Elder Brother* is a detailed picture of bourgeois Mexican life and it succeeds in making that over dramatized republic real and comprehensible. The novel is too long and the writer is not quite successful in bringing her chief character to life. There is great variety of incident and the background is solid and convincing.

THE FABLE and THE FLESH deals with the materialization of a legendary figure, the Vouivre or Lady of the Serpents, in the French countryside. It is admirably written in a mixed vein of poetry, realism and satire rather reminiscent of T. F. Powys, but whether it is because we have no touchstone of personal knowledge the book does not quite come off.

THE cold war has invaded the thrillers. In Michael Innes's *Journeying Boy*, the son of a famous physicist is to be captured and held to ransom; the boy learns of the plot and decides to play his own hand. It is a very adroit story, but it is in the portrait of the boy himself that the main interest lies.

THE LOST CHART struck me as a Celtic and poetic version of *Bulldog Drummond* and this is not intended as anything but praise. I never for a moment believed in it but I couldn't stop reading it, its setting is vividly portrayed, the incursion into West Highland folklore gave me pleasure and there are some very good fights.

THOSE who prefer that their thrillers should deal with bodies rather than with documents may, if they have a sense of humour, be recommended with confidence to Nancy Spain's latest *Death Goes On Skis*. Miss Spain combines the most inconsequential manner with very shrewd psychology, her wicked eye for feminine types reminds me of Miss Hermione Gingold.

RUBY MILLAR.

Short Notices

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT

ENGLISH: A COURSE FOR HUMAN BEINGS. By Eric Partridge. *Winchester Publications.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

THIS weird volume is intended for children from ten to eighteen and also for private students. Mr. Partridge considers his book is readable, scholarly and alive: at intervals, after some solid chunk of grammar, he points out what a good time is being had by all. His approach is old-fashioned and rather remote from the realities of class-room teaching. He wanders for pages proclaiming that English teaches you to think or that thought and expression go hand in hand, and then breaks into dense slabs of condensed Syntax or Prosody. The Essay subjects are eccentric, e.g., for children of ten to thirteen-and-a-half, "It has been said that, of all sciences, biology is the most fascinating. It's a point of view, don't you think?" Mr. Partridge has an engaging habit of making some claim for the study of English in his text and then working leading questions on it into the exercises: "Can you answer a Geography examination paper satisfactorily if you cannot say clearly what you know?" You never know what you are going to find —it may be a complete short story first published by Mr. Partridge in his University Magazine, a twelve-page list of Affixes, which serious students of English are recommended to learn by heart, or a short bibliography of metaphysics. Etymology, Mr. Partridge's special interest is, of course, well represented and provides much the most interesting and original part of the book, which I cordially recommend to teachers for its occasional bright ideas on method, its curious linguistic information and its peculiar flavour.

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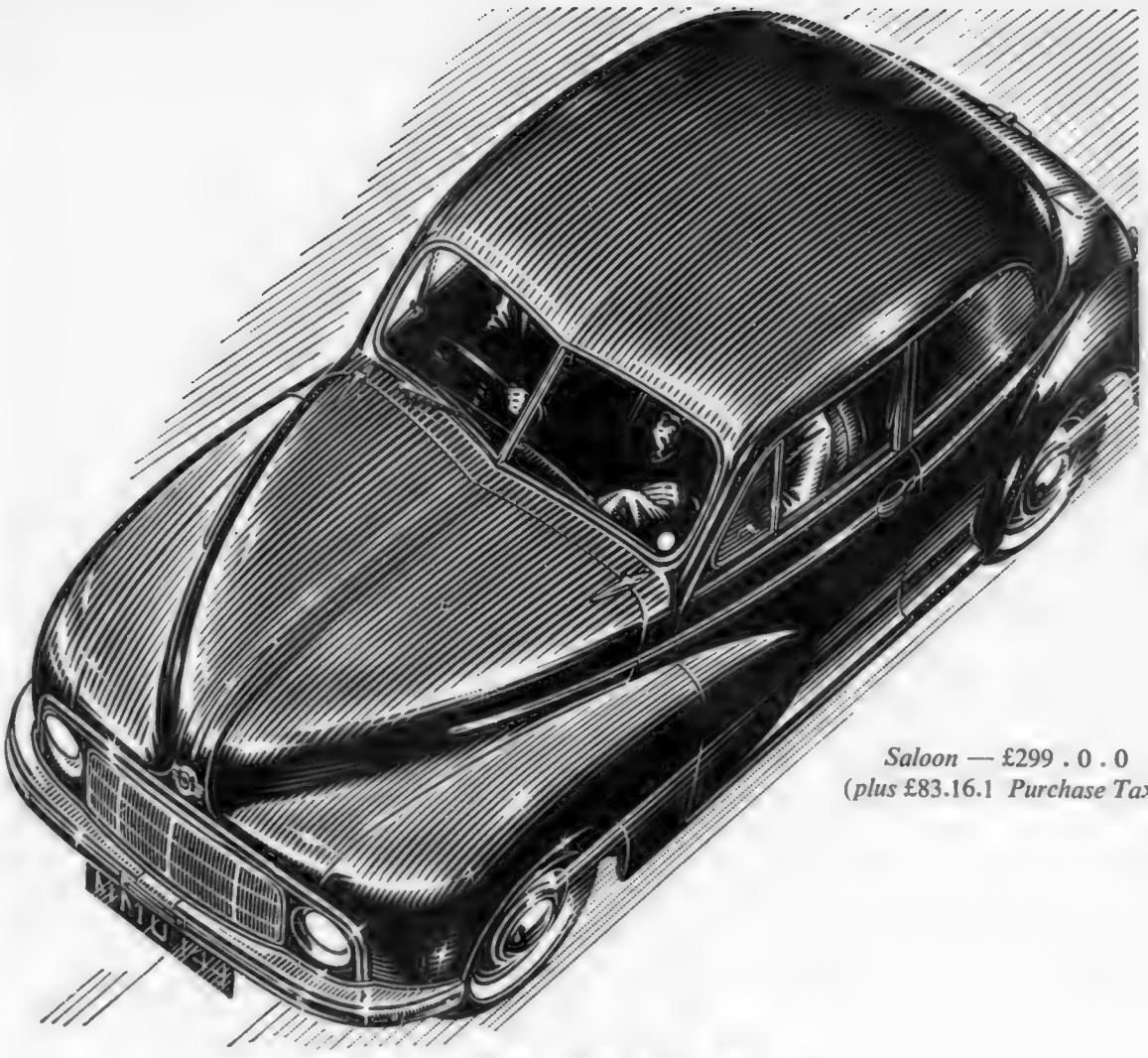

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GENERAL ANDER'S STORY

AN ARMY IN EXILE: THE STORY OF THE SECOND POLISH CORPS. By Lt.-General W. Anders, C.B., C-in-C. Polish Forces in the U.S.S.R., Commander Second Polish Corps in Italy. With a Foreword by F. M. Viscount Alexander of Tunis, K.G., and an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, M.P. *Macmillan and Co. Ltd.* 21*s.* net.

GENERAL ANDERS' story is both an Odyssey and an Iliad. It opens with the assault of Germany on Poland in September 1939, and ends with the London Victory March of June 1946, to which, in order to appease Russia, the Polish Forces were not invited to take part.

It is one of the most tragic and disgraceful stories I have ever read, and on closing the book it is difficult to decide who was the greater villain: the German who first attacked; the Russians who exterminated the Poles by hundreds of thousands in the most bestial ways, or ourselves who in the hour of victory not only deserted Poland but betrayed her to Russia.

Much of this tragic story has appeared in other books, notably in *The Dark Side of the Moon* and Jan Ciechanowski's *Defeat in Victory*; but in *An Army in Exile* what is of special interest is to learn that in matters of political expediency there was nothing to choose between the greater belligerents. For instance, in August 1944, in an interview with Mr. Churchill, General Anders was again and again told: "You must trust us; we will keep our pledges . . . I can assure you we will never desert you." And seven months later, after Yalta, what was he told in another interview? "We have enough troops to-day, and we do not need your help. You can take away your divisions. We shall do without them."

An Army in Exile is a book which will make every true Englishman blush.

J. F. C. FULLER.

A VERSATILE SAINT

GANDHI AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. The Story of my Experiments with Truth. Translated from the Gujarati by Mahadev Desai. *Phoenix Press.* 21*s.*

"WRITING an autobiography is a practice peculiar to the West" said a friend to Gandhi when, at the instigation of another friend, he undertook this book while a political prisoner. Up to the time when he completed his terms at the Inner Temple it is an autobiography much in the western sense of the word, and sometimes recalls Saint Augustine's Confessions, as when he relates his struggle to achieve abstinence as a husband, one reason why he gave up even milk being that he discovered that it incited to carnal desire.

Perhaps the account of his work in South Africa is the most interesting part of this book which carries us up to about 1925. He felt that his duty to the British Empire required him to organize an Indian Ambulance Corps in the Boer War and actually to organize a recruiting campaign in India in 1916, his attitude in the Second World War being later than this book. The title suggesting that his whole life is a search for truth may in part explain the difference. He identifies the search for truth with the search for God, but he must also regard Him as personal, since he sees "with the eye of faith the hand of the God of mercy" in the fact that at Tolstoy and Phoenix Farms in South Africa, where they settled on waste land infested with reptiles which it was forbidden to kill, none lost his life from snakebite during all those years. He has been "always striving to achieve self-realization, to see God face to face", so that "self-realization" has for him a meaning as different from ours as the difference between "democracy" in London and Moscow, his use of the word being implicit in Hindu theology.

"Abolition of Indentured Emigration", "When a Governor is Good", "The Khilafat

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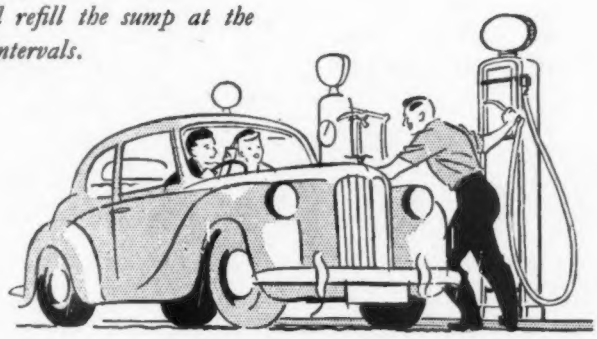

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against Cow Protection?", "Fasting as Penance (how Gandhi thought of fasting as penance for others' ill deeds)"—these chance selections from the forty-three chapter headings may give an idea of the vast diversity of this book which incidentally reveals the author's astonishing versatility, since Gandhi in the course of his work mastered accountancy, shoe-making, weaving—he had not seen a spinning wheel when in 1908 he proclaimed it as a panacea for growing pauperism —education of the young and general farming.

BRIAN LUNN.

THE ENGLISH MOTHER-CHURCH

PORTRAIT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. By G. H. Cook. Illustrated. *Phoenix House, London.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE appearance of this book, seven years almost to the day after the *Luftwaffe's* "Baedeker" raid on Canterbury is happily appropriate. On that wild night in 1942, the Mother Church of England escaped destruction as if by a miracle, although the ancient city surrounding it suffered grievously, not by any means for the first time in its long history.

The author confines his monograph on the Cathedral to its architectural history, quite properly introducing great events and personalities only when they serve to explain the many stages of the growth of the lovely and noble church. It is, nevertheless, far from being a lifeless study of ecclesiastical building and, even to one long and intimately aware of its beauty and significance, it has proved highly illuminating. To re-visit Canterbury Cathedral after reading Mr. Cook's learned and informative survey will be as if to come anew to an old and valued friend with greater understanding of his character and deeper appreciation of the influences which formed it.

In addition to upwards of seventy admirable photographs and plans there is a short but adequate glossary of terms used in church architecture for the guidance of readers unlearned in these matters.

SYDNEY J. MAIDEN.

SELF-PORTRAIT

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NORTHUMBRIAN LADY. 1815-1866. Edited by L. E. O. Charlton. *Jonathan Cape.* 15*s.*

IN editing this self-portrait of a great lady of distinctive caste, creed and period, whom he describes as "a pretty cool fish", Air Commodore Charlton has skilfully blended his own style with that of his grandmother in a manner at once witty and illuminating. It may be true that Mrs. Charlton had "no superior powers of intellect", but her memoirs show a decided facility of phrase and a gift for presenting the essentials of character and appearance, sometimes with refreshing asperity, that reminds one of Fanny Burney.

Great names occur and great events are, briefly, chronicled. The main value and interest of the book, however, are sociological. A well-known Catholic family of the north, at one with the rest of "high society" in London ballrooms and the festivities of Doncaster race-week, was linked only with its co-religionists in the educational disadvantages due to the long period of disability, the difficulties attending the marriage ceremony (Mrs. Charlton was married to her husband three times) and the proud tradition of fidelity to ancient ways.

It is a pity that illustrations of the houses of Hesleyside and Burghwallis could not have been included in the book. We are given a strong picture of discomforts and profusion; of damp stone floors and well-filled cellars; and of incessant trips abroad and to centres of fashion from a Northumberland bleak, roadless and bridgeless. Here, it seems, the middle ages pay court to young Victoria, and the old Borderers ride, unspurred, on the new Counties Railway.

U. R. COOTE.

MAURICE and EUGÉNIE GUÉRIN

THE IDOL AND THE SHRINE. By Naomi Royde Smith. The story of Maurice de Guérin with extracts from the journal of Eugénie de Guérin. *Hollis and Carter.* 15*s.*

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN (1810 to 1839) first became known in England through the enthusiastic interpretation of Mathew Arnold who was fascinated by his prose poem *Le Centaure* which is reprinted in this book. In France he might have been forgotten but for the devotion of his sister Eugénie whose journal, now famous, occupies the greater part of this book. (Incidentally her name should have been correctly spelt on the paper wrapper where one accent is omitted.) Maurice's father was a devout Catholic who hoped that his son might become a priest. Maurice joined the Cenacle at La Chenaie in Brittany where the Abbé Lamennais had gathered a brilliant company of disciples. In 1832 Lamennais was condemned in the Encyclical *Mirari vos*, a fact which proved decisive in reinforcement of Maurice's reluctance to take orders. He died as Catholic to the immense relief of his devout sister.

Eugénie's diary has a quiet appeal, but to the present writer the most interesting things in this book are the poems by Guérin, such as the famous prose poem *Le Centaure* and

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enchanting lyric describing an autumn twilight ending.

Ou, le long des ondes,
Sur les greves blondes
Foulent le satin
Du sable fin.

Prêtant leurs oreilles
Aux grandes merveilles
Que l'océan dit
Durant la nuit.

The long introduction (61 pages) by Naomi Royde Smith combines scholarship, wit and grace of expression.

ARNOLD LUNN.

EAST AND WEST

THE RICHEST VEIN. By Gai Eaton. *Faber and Faber.* 1949. 15*s.*
BEYOND BELIEF. By L. E. Jones. *Secker and Warburg.* 1949. 5*s.*

IN *The Richest Vein*, Mr. Eaton has written a book of unusual interest for Western readers. He attempts, with considerable success, to present a clear summary of what has come to be called the Wisdom of the East, which he finds enshrined in the *Uphanishads*, the *Vedanta*, Taoism and Zen Buddhism. His discussion of these various doctrines is a useful corrective of the vague generalizations which usually do duty for the average reader's ideas of Eastern tradition and philosophy. To give one example, he clarifies the Hindu idea of the One and distinguishes between that and mere unity.

But the more significant aspect of Mr. Eaton's study is his discussion of certain modern writers, notably Max Plowman and Mr. Aldous Huxley, whom he relates more to Eastern tradition than to the Western Christian tradition—a really acute judgment. It suggests that pacifism, which both these writers embraced, is rooted in the East rather than the West. Mr. Eaton finds that their kinship is more with Eastern Wisdom than Christian dogma. His volume will amply justify careful study.

It is indeed "beyond belief" how any author can write about Christian doctrine in 1949 in the sterile vein of an early Victorian rationalist, with his tidy and shallow categories. In *Beyond Belief*, Mr. Jones seems to assume—oh! so innocently—that the modern secularist understands Jesus better than His first disciples who, sharing His companionship day after day, could express their feeling about Him only by attributing to Him the quality of deity. It was the men who knew Jesus best that placed Him above humanity. Though this fact may be beyond Mr. Jones' comprehension, it, nevertheless, remains a fact, which ought to suggest, even to Mr. Jones, that the problem is not quite so simple as he has imagined.

D. R. DAVIES.

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Printed by The Thanet Press, Union Crescent, Margate, Kent
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